

Saturday Night

Canada's Magazine of Business and Contemporary Affairs

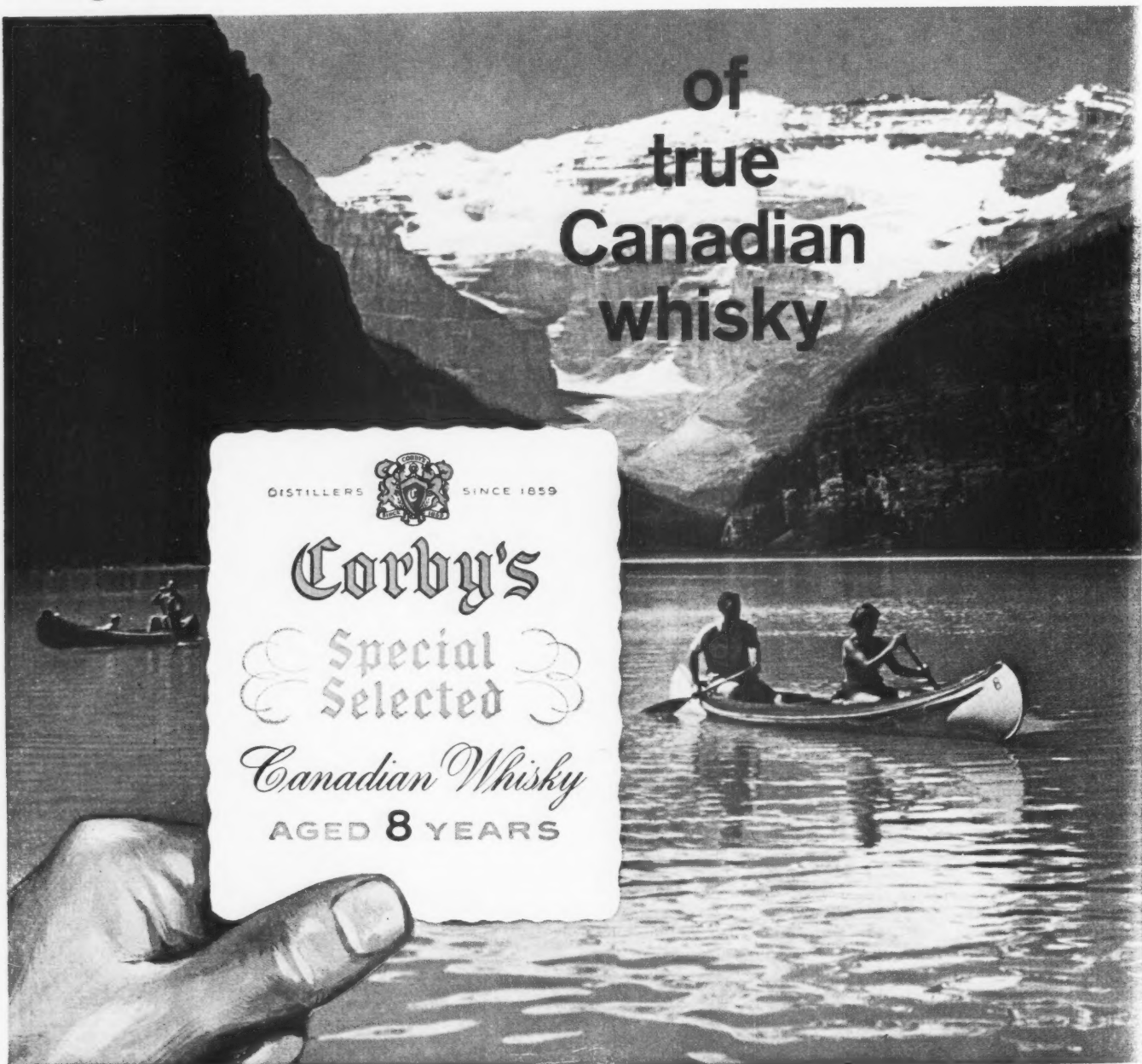
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Saturday Night

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INSIDE STORY

THE COVER: U.S. troops at the ready peer into walled-off East Berlin.

John Gellner, SN contributing editor on military affairs, spent the Summer in Europe; he has just returned with an uncomfortable feeling that the continent is now suffering from an attack of war jitters. There is no feeling of belligerence; rather there is widespread fear that the "crisis" may pass the point of no return.

Prosperous West Germany — the miracle country of Europe — is at last feeling an economic pinch. **Joachim Joesten**, reporter of the international scene, gives some facts not widely known on this side of the ocean and suggests that the pressure may be due to a Khrushchovian manoeuvre to dim the lustre that was shining too brightly into East German eyes.

Tobacco — an important Western Ontario crop — has also brought a tobacco road to that province. **Frank Drea**, labor specialist, tells of the incredible living conditions of the migrant workers and reports how a combination of hard facts and hard hearts militates against any improvement in the situation.

Donald Gordon, CBC correspondent in London, attended the meeting of Commonwealth Ministers in Accra. He reports that the astute British, fortified by a firm policy, were able to pick sizeable holes in the impassioned Commonwealth case. The unpalatable fact of the matter, he writes, is that Britain is quite likely to ditch the Commonwealth in order to get into Europe.

Affairs are moving briskly for the New Democratic Party and the older parties are not underestimating the challenge. **Charles Bell**, editorial writer for the *Regina Leader Post*, examines the "socialist" record of the CCF in Saskatchewan and predicts the national policy to be undertaken by that eminently practical politician Tommy Douglas.

In this issue SN devotes 16 pages (including two on books for business) to its annual review of Autumn books. Reviewers include **D. J. Goodspeed**, **Hilda Kirkwood**, **Kenneth McNaught**, **Kildare Dobbs**, **Arnold Edinborough**, **Mary Lowrey Ross** and others.

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Letters

Honest Farmers

I resent in the Hon. Fred Colborne's letter [SN Sept. 2] the insinuation that the predecessors of the Alberta Socred administration were: "A jungle of unfettered exploitation . . .". The UFA administration, 1922 to 1935, had as honest a record as any provincial administration that had existed in Canada since Confederation.

As for Ernest Watkins, now the Conservative MLA for Calgary, he is just "a green Englishman" pretending that he understands Canadian conservatism, which he doesn't, and imagining that it is the same as British conservatism, which it isn't.

EDMONTON

JOHN F. MILNER

Labor Saving

We are informed that the Russians and the United States of America have enough atom bombs to destroy all life on this pleasant planet. This is a very satisfactory state if we have to have atom bombs; because it means that it is quite unnecessary for any other countries to manufacture, or purchase them. Russia and the United States of America need not even have launching pads — at an agreed signal between them they can detonate all their bombs in their own countries and pouf! we all cease to exist.

If we accept the foregoing we can immediately stop spending our country's money on defensive weapons, and we can turn this great river of wealth to the welfare of our people. Schools, hospitals, national medicine, adequate pensions.

If we really want a fallout shelter, why build one for our M.P.s? Why not build one for some two or three hundred young women and some thirty or forty young men? If the world will support life they can start to re-populate it. With all due deference to our puerile politicians they would be quite, quite useless.

VICTORIA

A. STANLEY CLARKE

Happy Islanders

Raymond Rodgers' Ottawa Letter "Rural Voters Rule the Nation" [SN Sept. 2] compares the ratio of registered voters to elected representatives in the

Toronto constituency of York-Scarborough, with that of the Prince Edward Island constituencies of Queens and Kings, and concludes that "surely this is a situation calling for redistribution. . ."

Surely Rodgers could not have based his conclusion on a faultier premise. Presumably it was in anticipation of just such a criticism that P.E.I.'s representation in Parliament was guaranteed in our Constitution.

While Section 51 of the BNA Act prescribes a formula in which representation in the House of Commons is related to population, that formula is qualified, and has been since at least 1915, by the provision that the number of members assigned to a Province shall not be less than the number of Senators representing that Province.

The same Act is unequivocal in giving P.E.I. four representatives in the Senate. Ergo — four members in the House for P.E.I., untouchable by redistribution.

And if you will permit the admitted non-sequitur, the calibre of the four present incumbents in the House betokens the extraordinary wisdom of the collective voice of "The Island" electorate.

MONTREAL

L. A. S. ALLEN

Socred Principles

After reading Mary Sharp's absurd attack on the Social Credit party. [Letters SN Sept. 16] I wonder just what party she belongs to. Some of the words and expressions she uses cause me to wonder.

J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, sheds some interesting light on this subject. He states in his startling best-seller, *Masters of Deceit*, that favorite terms used by Communists to describe those who oppose them are such words as "reactionaries", "fascists", "radicals", "nazis", "warmongers", etc.

It seems evident that she has not "followed the Social Credit party carefully"! How she can attribute racial and religious superiority as a Social Credit principle is beyond me. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There is much less of a segregation problem in Canada, especially in Alberta and B.C., Canada's two SC provinces, than in the U.S. I quote Article VIII, sub-

section (a) in the Social Credit Statement of Policy:

"A Social Credit Government will assure absolute justice and equity within the law to every citizen, Irrespective of color, race, creed, or social status."

In our world of strife and unrest, Social Credit is our only hope for peace. It will solve our economic problems and make Canada a prosperous and leading country, as she should be. National debt will be progressively eliminated and with the Government issuing the right amount of interest-free money, our economy will rise to the highest level ever.

Taxation which reduces or retards development or penalizes enterprise will be reduced or eliminated. We will be privileged to live in a better and freer Canada!

THREE HILLS, ALTA.

DAVID J. GRANT

Socred Policy

Mary Sharp's letter regarding Social Credit was read with interest. Many people have been taught wrongly but unless they express themselves as she has done, they cannot be given the truth.

It would be a real help to Mary if she would read "Social Credit Statement of Policy", a 13-page manuscript. We say this kindly because we know if she took time to read it, she would find that true Social Credit is positively opposed to racial segregation, dictatorships, and Communism; while on the other hand it stands for the rights of the individual and for democracy.

The main theme of Social Credit is of course to change our present financial system. Under a Social Credit Government in Ottawa, money would work for the people, instead of the people being a slave to money and high finance.

At the present time our federal government goes to the financial interests and borrows the millions of dollars it needs to operate on. This should not be done. We own our country and should be able to operate it without mortgaging it and our children's children to finance and interest.

If the government issued our financial credit through our Bank of Canada interest-free (and this is quite within reason), it would revolutionize our en-

tire economy. Keep in mind, however, that Social Credit will not do away with banks — they are a very necessary part of our economic structure. The difference would be that the original creation of money would be interest free and the chartered banks would eventually be operating on 100 per cent reserve.

Under a Social Credit system, money would be available for our needy. Think of what this would mean to our senior citizens if they had \$100. per month. The crippled and blind could be better cared for and helped.

We have the natural resources and we have the working force. If purchasing power was in the hands of the people as it should be, then the heavy inventories in industry would disappear and our factories would go back to work. Factory workers would in turn receive wages to buy what they needed, thus completing a natural cycle. . .

People are beginning to see that we don't have to live under the bondage of debt, and when they realize what is going on, they will demand the change to Social Credit at the next election.

THREE HILLS, ALTA. ROGER KIRK

Betting on Mac

Re Donald Gordon's direct attack on the British Prime Minister. [SN Sept. 16] It is hard to understand why this was written and why you publish it, except to start a controversy.

Macmillan is a gentleman and a world statesman and I and many others would like to bet he will be returned at the next election with an increased majority in spite of Gordon and his poisonous article.

MONTREAL HUGH M. SCOTT

Mac and Taxes

I was sorry to see that the first issue of SATURDAY NIGHT to be published under the aegis of Fengate Publishing Company should have shown such a radical departure from a normally high standard of both truth and good taste. To cite just two examples:

1. From the editorial Leadership in Comment of the Day: "Nobody has ever believed that Macmillan is as stupid as he would appear to look. Maybe he is." Since when has SN considered it necessary to make derogatory remarks about the personal appearance of one of the world's leading statesmen?

2. Donald Gordon's article on Macmillan is a re-written collection of half-truths extracted out of context from the London *Daily Mirror*. e.g. "They

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illustrate this with examples such as the surtax reliefs announced this spring which gives the moguls of Britain £80 millions in tax exemptions at a time when threadbare teachers in the country have been denied a pay increase designed to bring their wages in line with those of manual laborers."

Nonsense! What in fact the government did was to reduce a recommended wage award of £47 million to £42 million — a reduction of 10 per cent.

I hope that SN will soon be back on its course of reasonable objectivity and accuracy, and that the high hopes expressed in your first page announcement will rapidly come to pass.

SCARBOROUGH

KEITH POLSON

Editor's note: Our correspondent should examine a few political cartoons — particularly in the British Press.

Placing the Blame

While agreeing with most of Donald Gordon's article (Why Macmillan Is On the Way Out), I believe he has missed the essential points of Britain's plight.

Britain is suffering from the modern malady — worship of the politician. This is the curse of the world today. Political practice and the hard facts of life are incompatible. All political parties are equally inadequate and a change of leadership will not help.

Britain is being strangled by the continuing growth of the government. Today 40 per cent of Britain's gross national income is appropriated by the government. The percentage will increase as the civil service increases by six per cent annually, and simultaneously there will be increasing caervation among the rest of the population.

One could fill a book with examples of the crass stupidity of the civil service. A form-fitting, tea-drinking collection of pansies. . . During the War, the Ministry of Food was at the point of collapse — it was saved by the appointment of Lord Woolton, a businessman. The same at the Ministry of Aircraft Production — saved by Lord Beaverbrook, a businessman. The examples are endless — and in every case the answer was to cut right across all the professional civil servants. Their concept of life all tied up in neat little packages is utter nonsense.

Britain provides all the lessons that other democracies need. However, it is very doubtful that they will be heeded, because we are not told the truth. We are usually subjected to political wishful thinking, using propaganda instead of facts. . .

INGLEWOOD, ONT.

CHARLES BLAKEY

SATURDAY NIGHT

Comment of the Day

Statesman-President

WITH HIS SPEECH before the General Assembly last week President Kennedy at once attained that rank of world statesman which many of his supporters both in and out of the United States have long wished he would. It was a sober, clear and plain speech. It spelled out the difficulties of a divided world, it evoked a true image of what the world would be like after a nuclear holocaust, it outlined a practical, workable plan by which the great powers could all undertake controlled step-by-step disarmament.

As Lester Pearson said after hearing it, this was the true voice of America which had spoken — an America sincere in its desire for peace, strong but not boastful about its strength and, above all and at last, reasonably flexible in its position on certain trouble spots like Laos and Germany.

Since President Kennedy is the head of a democratic state and a state whose democracy has always been rather yeasty in Congress there will be a fair amount of selling for him and his administration to do to convince some dissident elements in his own and the opposition party that what he said was the right thing.

For us on the outside we can do no more, and we should do no less, than support him in his plan. It was made clear that what he said had been discussed by other Western powers and Howard Green even maintained (in a speech in Toronto the same day) that some Canadian ideas were now firmly embedded in the disarmament plan. But formal discussions are one thing — energetic support is another.

Certain it is that Chancellor Adenauer's rigidity, summarily rejected by his own people, has now been also rejected by the State Department. If the other NATO powers — particularly Canada and Great Britain — rally round this new flexibility then there is also a chance that President de Gaulle can be persuaded out of his rigid thinking too.

But we must all concentrate on this. Our politicians must be vocal about it — and we hope the Press will ventilate it. For we are a volatile, self-directed group. The Russians are monolithically strong. (President Kennedy's speech,

though broadcast clear in English was jammed completely when it was beamed to Russia in Russian).

As SATURDAY NIGHT said a year ago, our hope must rest in Mr. Kennedy. His speech last week revived that hope from a glimmer to flame. Our good opinion should now add reasonable fuel to that hopeful fire.

The Harp That Once

("Commandant Patrick Quinlan said he would never have surrendered his troops at Jadotville if he had been fighting for Ireland."—Reuters despatch from Elisabethville.)

THE HARP THAT once through Tara's halls
Shed melodies unmatched
Now travels far from Tara's walls
With strings a little scratched:
Katanga hears its music soar,
So Reuters has despatched,
And sons of Erin wage their war,
Alas, with strings attached.

VIC

Way Out for the PM

THE PLAN FOR disarmament put forward by President Kennedy may give Prime Minister Diefenbaker just the out he needs over the arming of Canada's forces with atomic weapons. The third proposal in the UN speech was "prohibiting the transfer of control over nuclear weapons to states that do not now own them".

If Kennedy really means this then we in Canada have no part to play in NORAD. The continental defence which is NORAD's function depends on atomic missiles which could put up what amounts to a barrage to stop manned bombers from getting through. If we are to have no control over this we are not, and should not, be a part of it.

Secondly, as we have said for some time in this magazine, the position of our troops in Germany under NATO will remain as embarrassing to us as a sovereign nation as it always has been. The infantry brigade group is in British First Corps, training under the assumption that their tactical weapons will be nuclear armed. Yet they will have no control over the decision to fire them.

The air division is being equipped with a fighter which also demands a nuclear armament and the order to fly it thus armed rests on the sanction of Washington.

Now is the time, therefore, for Mr. Diefenbaker to say that we have no place in NORAD and that we must withdraw our force from NATO. We can thus concentrate on the building up of a conventional force which will be ready and waiting to take on UN duties as outlined in the full proposals brought before the General Assembly by President Kennedy — a policy which clearly makes sense for us.

By making this statement now we would:

- (1) gain recognition in the uncommitted world
- (2) solve a difficult domestic political problem
- (3) show that we are ready, like many another small and middle power, to call a halt to the senseless arms race which President Kennedy himself would like to halt.

What more effective action could we take to show the world once and for all our independent sovereign position in the world?

The UN Bungles

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD died a martyr's death, as did Count Bernadotte, another UN peacemaker before him. Who will replace him is not yet clear and there is no doubt that the Russians will try to vilify his memory dead as they tried to deride his efforts alive.

The real tragedy of his death, however, is that it should not have happened. For the Katanga debacle is one of the sorrier episodes in the history of the UN.

Long ago it was evident that Moise Tshombe had authority in his own province and that his authority could keep the peace there. Work went forward in Katanga, communications were kept open, the food supply was kept moving and the general prosperity of the province showed in sharp contrast to the utter breakdown in the rest of the Congo where tribal faction kept the whole country in a famine-ridden turmoil.

Tshombe is not, of course a lily-

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white character whose every move and motive are beyond suspicion. But to call his white employees fascist gangsters, as a French commentator did on a nationwide CBC telecast last week, is ridiculous. Did not Pakistan and India retain the services of trained British personnel during the partition of India? And did not several key white people stay in the pay of Kwame Nkrumah, after independence came to Ghana?

In any case, to send penny packets of UN soldiers into a province where a strong man has an iron grip is actual suicide for them and political suicide for the UN. For Tshombe is the Katangan's own choice as leader. He has as much right to exert self-determination as anyone else. And since the man nominated by the UN to take over (had the sortie succeeded), was a former follower of Lumumba and Gizenga no wonder Tshombe struck, and struck savagely, at this sudden UN attack.

What the UN must learn is that self-determination means exactly that — not a solution which any permanent official in a world body thinks the "right" one.

Rearguard Action

WE ARE AMUSED by all the fuss which a *Globe and Mail* reporter managed to stir up on his paper's front page last week about manpower wastage in the Armed forces. Acting on a cocktail party conversation tip he assured readers on Monday morning that whereas the armed forces asked for 30,000 more men, the Treasury Board had cut this down to half "as a result of the fierce opposition of the Finance Minister."

The reporter obviously knows very little of the long-established army rule: Ask for twice what you need so that you get just a little more than you actually expect.

But his innocence also showed in the wide-eyed statement that we had "more than 50 per cent of the total in the armed forces . . . in logistics (the Canadian word is "supply") administration and training, leaving less than half available for a fighting force".

He then claimed that in the U.S. Army the figure of non-combatants was 35 per cent or less. The fact is that in the United States army there is almost 70 per cent of the total strength engaged in "logistics (their word), administration and supply." The scaling down to 35 per cent — a figure laughable to anyone who knows a modern army — was instantly denied by the U.S. authorities. (What else could anyone in the Pentagon, of all places, do?)

There is waste in our armed forces. There are unconscionable uses of trained personnel in unimportant jobs. But the Glassco commission will do a better job of estimating it than such unbattle-trained reporting heroes.

Get On With the Job

IN A TIME when anti-colonialism is almost an article of faith in most of the world Canada enjoys a humiliating status. By choice she remains tied to the apron-strings of Westminster; she is the only country of the Commonwealth which cannot alter its constitution without legislative action by the British Parliament.

The problem has been with us for a long time. It arises from the peculiar nature of the Canadian "constitution" — the BNA Act — by which certain powers were delegated to the Provinces. Now this somewhat anarchical arrangement has blossomed into a poison plant for the whole nation.

Just last month the Attorneys-General of the ten provinces concluded another in their series of legalistic squabbles. In the past the fears of domination by the Province of Quebec has been the major obstacle to agreement; now, surprisingly, the opposition apparently comes from that most socialist of provinces — Saskatchewan.

What the AGs — and their masters the Premiers — should learn is the mood of the country. Canadians like to feel that on the international scene they are capable of making up their own minds and exercising their own influence. So long as they must run to mother — in however technical a sense — that influence is necessarily abated. The time has come for the quibbling to stop and action to start so that we may become masters in our own house. The people say "get on with the job".

Safety Catch

AS A FOOTNOTE to all the war talk that has been going on in Canada and the world recently, this was painted in large letters on the store front of a Toronto tattoo artist:

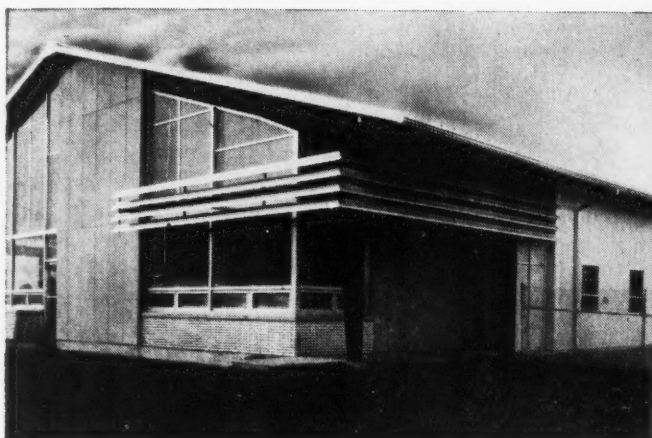
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Fear for the Point of No Return

by John Gellner

PERHAPS THE PEOPLE of Continental Europe get more easily panicked than those on this Continent—and who could blame them after the experiences they have had? Certainly one can really feel in Europe today that, as Nehru put it, "the foul wind of war is blowing once again".

And maybe Europeans *do* tell themselves that the general fear of the unfathomable consequences of another war will this time prevent the worst, yet against such reassuring thoughts stands the instinctive feeling that the situation is getting out of human control as it did in 1914 and 1939; that inexorably the contending sides are drifting toward a point where one of them will no longer have it in its power to step back from the lip of the abyss. In fact, and to put it bluntly, there is a war psychosis now among well-informed and thoughtful Europeans and it is spreading by the day.

Whether or not these fears are exaggerated, the very fact that they exist and that they are deeply felt by rational people makes it important to examine how we got into the present situation—a situation which is so very much more perilous than the ordinary cold war tensions to which we have become accustomed in these last 15 years.

There is no doubt that at the root of all evil is the Soviet drive for world domination. (Whether the motives of that drive are ideological or imperialist, or merely spring from the natural dynamism of every dictatorship, does not matter.) In the face of this one really does get impatient with those people in the West who forever try to find the causes of world trouble in the shortcomings of our side. This kind of flagellantism has become something of a trademark of part of the Western intelligentsia, and is supposedly proof of unprejudiced and progressive thinking. Whether progressive or not, it at least is completely at variance with historical truth.

In the 44 years of its existence, the Soviet Union has followed the most cold-blooded and unprincipled (by any standards) of foreign policies. It has consistently backed disorder against order; indeed, has backed anybody and anything that would create chaotic conditions which the Soviet Union

could then use to expand its power.

The pact with Hitler in 1939, which, by giving the latter safety in the East enabled him to challenge the Western powers with a light heart, was not an isolated incident but one characteristic of Soviet foreign policy. It has been repeated again and again. Only last year, for instance, Moscow not only put its full support behind Patrice Lumumba as the man most likely to turn everything topsy-turvy in the Congo, but at the same time tried to obstruct every effort of the United Nations to normalize conditions in that strife-torn country.

It would, however, be a much too superficial judgment if one put the blame for the present crisis entirely on Soviet ill-will. Bad intent there clearly was, and is—it is, after all, the Soviet Union which for the second time has brought the latent Berlin issue to the point where the peace of the world is threatened. But the reasons for the conflict are more fundamental. They lie in the position of Germany in the world, or rather in the basic divergence of opinion on what position Germany should occupy.

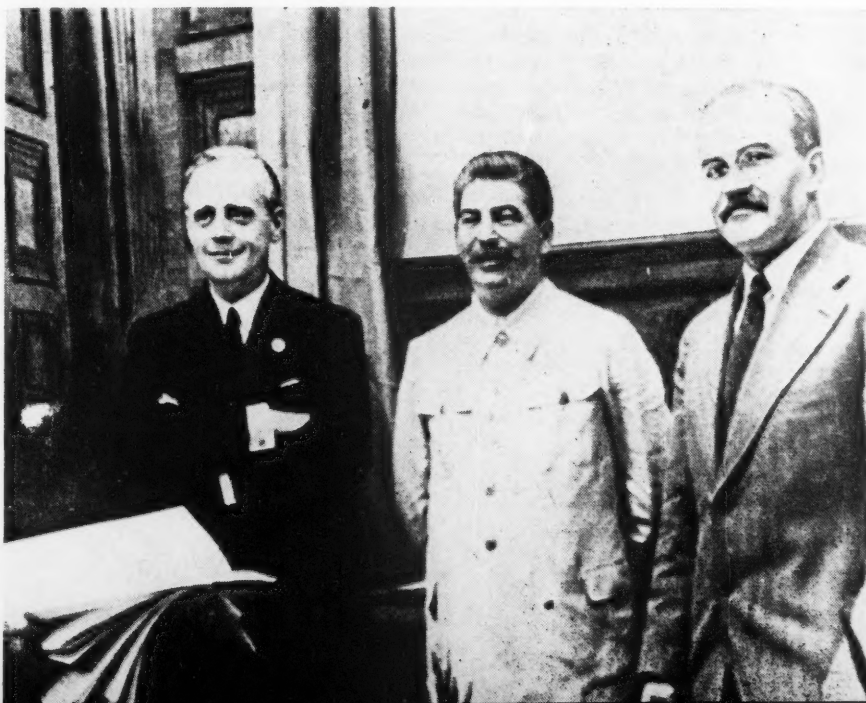
The methods which the Soviets are using to advance their aims remain objectionable, but their standpoint toward the German problem is at least understandable. If the Western powers must take some part of the blame for

what has happened, it is because they have not taken sufficient account of Soviet views on Germany, views which, incidentally, coincide with, or are not too far removed from, views held in other countries than the U.S.S.R.

At the bottom of Soviet policy toward Germany is stark fear of what the latter would be capable of doing, and might do, if it rose to its pre-war political and military power. On this point, the Slavic satellites are entirely with Russia—indeed if anything binds them to Russia voluntarily and sincerely it is the wish to have her protection against a renescent Germany.

Present Soviet talk about German *revanchism* is thus not merely camouflage or cheap propaganda, but the expression of a deep-rooted uneasiness. In other words: in Moscow, Warsaw or Prague Germany is not merely made out to be the devil because it suits the Russians' purposes—to Russians, Poles and Czechs, Germany really *is* the devil.

It is really surprising that the existence of such sentiments East of the Iron Curtain (sentiments which perhaps alone can unite governments and people), has not been clearly realized in the West or, at any rate, that it apparently has been discounted as a factor of minor importance. At the same time, the obvious sympathies and the support extended to the Germans,



Ribbentrop, Stalin, Molotov. Pact of 1939 was revoked by the Germans.

especially by the Americans, have appeared incomprehensible to Eastern (and many Western) Europeans; they have been taken as signs of ill-will toward Germany's former victims.

The two sides have simply never understood, and do not now understand, one another. The Americans do not comprehend how the Germans they know, or believe they know, (friendly, neat, businesslike) can be suspected by anyone of wanting to go on the rampage again; the Russians, Poles, Czechs do not understand how anybody can fail to see that such a danger exists.

Many examples could be given to illustrate this fundamental difference in attitude toward the Germans. I remember vividly, for instance, the shock which I gave to an intelligent audience in the United States, among which there were many who had been in Germany after the war, when I said that the Poles and Czechs would, of course, prefer to be left alone, but that if they only had the choice between Russian and German domination they would take the Russians any day.

I had had no intention of pursuing this point further, but in the face of utter incomprehension I went on to explain that the feelings of the people of Eastern Europe spring from the memories of German occupation which, for racial and geo-political reasons, was made incomparably worse in such countries as Russia or Poland than anywhere else. Even then my audience probably remained unconvinced.

Anybody who has been stationed with North American forces in Western Europe has been struck by the almost instinctive sympathies shown by servicemen toward the Germans. Perhaps this is merely because we are inclined to equate efficiency with virtue. For that reason also, Alfried von Krupp was officially received in Canada (and objections to his reputation angrily brushed away), while beyond the Iron Curtain he would still be viewed only as a man convicted for having been at one time a ruthless or, at best, indif-

ferent employer of Eastern slave labor.

There is as much reason to take into account as a motivating force in Soviet and satellite policy this ingrained fear of Germany as there was, for instance, good reason in November, 1942, to land American rather than British troops in Algeria and Morocco because of French feelings after Mers-el-Kebir. After all, national susceptibilities are always a factor in foreign policy.

The only excuse for completely disregarding them in the case of Germany would have been utter necessity: we have been justified in going with the Germans as far as we have, without regard to Soviet and satellite reactions, only if we are sure that we could not have prevailed against pressure from the East without full German political, and above all military, support.

The need for German troops to equalize the odds in Central Europe has, in fact, always been given as one of the reasons for the inclusion of the Federal Republic of Germany in NATO, and as the principal reason for German re-armament. But it seems curious that at the time this decision was taken (late 1954, early 1955) Western leaders should have been so insistent on getting the German divisions, whatever the political consequences. For these were the days of John Foster Dulles' doctrine of massive retaliation.

The Lisbon plans for the creation of meaningful conventional armed strength in NATO had been quietly laid aside, and others were being drawn up which involved the use of atomic weapons in any kind of armed conflict in Europe. This being the strategic concept of the day, German ground forces could only be a useful addition to the meagre conventional armed strength which was available, not a condition of successful defence.

It is a fair guess that, at the time, NATO was less interested in getting German troops than the German Government was in ending the state of complete military helplessness in which

West Germany had been for ten years. This was a natural enough desire.

And after the defeat (by France) of plans for a European Defence Community; with powerful Soviet forces in East Germany and indicating that the East German puppet government was beginning to organize a military striking force of its own; with resistance to re-armament still strong in West Germany itself, it probably seemed to Chancellor Adenauer that the only practicable way in which he could acquire a military force for the Federal Republic was through NATO.

As it happened, it was not the only way. In 1955, right up to the abortive Geneva Conference, an "Austrian solution"—withdrawal of foreign forces and unification at the price of neutralization—could probably have been had for Germany, too. An offer to that effect was made indirectly in February, 1955; and the sudden Soviet initiative, after years of blank refusals, to end the occupation of Austria can also be interpreted as an open invitation to Germany to come and get a similar deal.

There is, of course, not much point in speculating what might have happened and decisions taken in 1955 cannot be fairly judged by what we know now, but assuming Germany had been able to obtain, and had been willing to accept, an arrangement on the Austrian pattern, it could have provided itself with the armed strength it thought it needed, and still could have remained closely linked with the West, spiritually and economically—and politically, too, even though not by written contract. After all, the European neutrals, Sweden, Switzerland and Austria, are all wholeheartedly and staunchly on our side.

Even after the adherence of the Federal Republic to NATO and the beginning of German re-armament within the framework of the Alliance, the Soviet Union, seconded by the satellites, continued to work against any increase of German politico-military power which they considered dangerous. There was, first of all, the Rapacki Plan which represented an acceptance by the East of earlier British proposals (Eden, Gaitskell) for a partially demilitarized belt across Central Europe.

There could have hardly been any serious military objections to a scheme which involved the withdrawal of foreign troops from both Germanies (and from Poland and Czechoslovakia), the prohibition of the stationing of nuclear weapons in that area, and the thinning-out of conventional forces. This especially so at a time when it was still a military dogma that, if it came to a war in Central Europe, it would necessarily be a nuclear one.



Ike and Khrushchov at Camp David. American fighting talk just bravado?

The Government of the Federal Republic, of course, found the Rapacki Plan totally unacceptable, for the withdrawal of Allied troops from Berlin would have meant a re-negotiation of the status of the city—and in such re-negotiation the (East German) Democratic Republic, the existence of which the government of the Federal Republic has always refused to acknowledge, would of necessity have been a party. Not military but political considerations centred around Berlin and the division of Germany thus led to the rejection of the Rapacki Plan by the Western Allies.

From the second part of 1958, and after the interlude of the Rapacki Plan, Soviet policy was single-mindedly directed toward keeping Germany down, through direct politico-military pressure, through moves designed to make the division of Germany permanent, and finally through a deliberate attempt to inflict so humiliating a political defeat on the Western powers that the Germans would turn away from them in despair and disgust.

The principal steps by which Soviet policy developed are in recent memory: the six-months' ultimatum concerning Berlin of November 17, 1958; the futile foreign ministers' conference in Geneva in May and June 1959; the meeting between Khrushchov and President Eisenhower at Camp David on September 26, 1959, which resulted in a temporary respite pending a meeting of the heads of government; and the breaking up of the latter before it had properly started, in May 1960.

The turning point, at which Khrushchov decided that he must impose "another Munich" on the West if he was to get his way in the German issue, was probably reached some time in the early Spring of that year. A variety of reasons may have brought about this further stiffening of the already tough and aggressive Germany policy of the Soviet Union. The principal among them was without doubt the acquisition by the German armed forces of nuclear weapons carriers, Mace and Honest John surface-to-surface missiles, and F104G strike aircraft.

The assurance that the nuclear warheads would still be under American control clearly gave little comfort to the Soviets. And even if they could have brought themselves to believe that Washington would manage to keep Bonn on a tight rein, militarily, the explosion of the first French atomic bomb on February 13, 1960, coupled with the realization (after Khrushchov's visit to de Gaulle) that Germany and France were working in tandem, must have convinced them that the Germans would in time get their nuclear weapons if they needed them, if not from the

United States then from France.

The effect which the news that the West German armed forces would be getting nuclear weapons (or at least the means of delivering them, which in the eyes of the people of Eastern Europe amounts to one and the same thing) had on the Soviets and on the satellites has been under-estimated in the West just as much as the role which genuine fear of an again-powerful Germany plays in the policies of those countries.

The Soviet Union always makes great play with the fact that it has not given, and has no intention of giving, nuclear weapons to any of its allies. This is not so much evidence of virtuous restraint as proof that in Moscow it is realized more clearly than elsewhere what great equalizers nuclear weapons are.

The Soviets obviously have no thought of providing the Poles, for ex-

"Damn the torpedoes, full steam ahead!"

But one can almost sense the shivers going down the backs of Eastern Europeans when they read that, in several election speeches, Chancellor Adenauer demanded "nuclear weapons for the German armed forces", or that Defence Minister Franz-Josef Strauss said (in a speech at Landau, on August 26): "What we need (in the Berlin crisis) is a hot heart and a cool brain. Our plans: In the beginning, diplomatic and political steps, in the middle, economic and technical, in the end, military". It does not help much to assure foreign listeners that most, if not all, of such German fighting talk was just electioneering bombast.

Fear is a bad foundation of policy, an even worse one if it is coupled with ill-will toward the country which is feared and toward its friends. Fear and enmity have driven the Soviets into a



American troops on guard in Berlin. Do they contribute to war psychosis?

ample, with a hundred nuclear weapons which would have practically as much power to deter militarily as the Soviet Union has with several thousand. They are determined not to let the West Germans have that power. Clearly, when Khrushchov remarked to Walter Lippman last April that he wants to get a solution of the German question (on his own terms) before the Federal Republic gets nuclear arms, he was for once quite sincere.

This fear of Germany, which underlies Soviet policy in Europe, the Western democracies have not succeeded in dispelling — and some German leaders have of late even encouraged it. It does not matter greatly that General Norstad has said: "I have the means to fight and if anything happens, I'll damn well fight". The Soviets will take such talk, understand its bravado as simply a traditional tough American soldier's pronouncement in the vein of

position from which they will obviously now have difficulty in extricating themselves even if they wanted to. The West, not altogether blameless for the turn which events have taken (though most of the blame must fall on the Soviet Union) is on the defensive and has very little room for retreat.

It will not be easy for anyone to open up a way out of the impasse, one which will be acceptable to the East and yet will not amount to Western surrender. The Europeans fear that, while the positions taken by the contending sides are hardening, the time for devising formulas is slipping away.

The worst pessimists among them can already see the moment when the last opportunity for compromise in the narrow field in which it is now possible will have passed. Then Fate will take over from helpless men, and a war psychosis will have produced actual war.



Shipyard at Hamburg; Shipbuilders are laboring under handicap resulting from devaluation of German mark.

Khrushchov's Cunning Capers?

Cracks in Bonn's Economic Armor

by Joachim Joesten

WITH ALL THE FANCY explanations of the background to the Berlin crisis that have been put forward, some of them in high places (Adenauer: "Khrushchov wanted to help the Social-Democrats"; Macmillan: "It has all been got up by the press" etc.), a very simple yet plausible one has received scant attention. Could it be that the Kremlin aimed at striking a blow at the prosperous West German economy?

Let's see. Basically, Khrushchov can do two things to help out his German satellite, Walter Ulbricht, without going to war: He can either try to make East Germany an attractive place to live in — which is a tall order, not likely to be filled in many years; or else, he can do his best to make West Germany *unattractive* by causing an economic crisis there.

From all indications, this is exactly what Khrushchov had in mind (at least as a profitable sideline) when he started the to-do over Berlin. And in this field, it must be conceded, he has already achieved a considerable measure of success.

This is not to say that West Germany already is in the throes of an economic crisis. Not by a long shot. But the political crisis it is churning in has also brought out some unex-

pected economic flaws and has set danger signals flaring all over the place.

Look at the behavior of the West German stock market these past few weeks. In the first two weeks following that fateful August 13 when the border inside Berlin was sealed by the East German regime, the average index of West German shares lost 70 points, (according to a comprehensive survey just published in *Die Zeit*, West Germany's leading weekly newspaper). It was by far the steepest drop of the year, which did not, however, set a new trend but rather precipitated one that had been steadily eroding the value of German shares for months.

A chart accompanying the survey in *Die Zeit* shows a steady decline which, since the beginning of June, 1961, brought the index down from a high of 840 points to a low of 676 on August 24; in other words, the market dropped about 25 per cent in 80 days. There were brief spells of recovery, spastic upward movements caused by such hopeful signs as President Kennedy's television address on July 25, but none of them endured and before long the gloomy downward trend continued.

Die Börse hat Kriegssorgen (War Scares Weigh on the Stock Market),

the paper's financial editor, Kurt Wendt, commented and he added: "International capital no longer looks upon the Federal Republic as a safe haven."

Indeed, the first signs of a beginning flight from the *Deutsche Mark*, hitherto considered the world's safest currency, have appeared. The widespread fear that the Federal Republic may be in for hard times is reflected not only in the stock market decline but also in the growing pressure to which the DM is subjected in the financial centres of the world.

To be sure, as yet the threat is not serious, for the *Devisenpolster* or gold and foreign currency cushion at the disposal of the *Bundesbank* is enormous. But it has lost some of its buoyancy and for the first time in many years the fabulous gold hoard on the Rhine has begun to shrink.

Once again, one marvels at the fast change of pace and scene. How long ago is it that Bonn's Minister of Economic Affairs, Professor Ludwig Erhard, was casting about for ways and means to brake the boom that seemed to be getting out of hand? How long since errant capital from the United States, from Britain and other countries was flooding the German market

to the point where restrictive measures became necessary? How long since the worldwide clamor against the allegedly undervalued German mark?

Although as yet few experts will admit that the West German economy is in any serious danger, warning signals are out. According to the latest report on economic conditions in the Federal Republic, issued by the German Federation of Industries (BDI) in the first days of September, the index of net industrial production stood at 244.4 in July of this year, as compared to 272.7 in June — a drop of 10.4 per cent., or about twice as much as the seasonal difference between the two months registered in 1960.

On a seasonally adjusted basis, the report notes, the economic barometer at present clearly is falling. While the annual growth rate in industrial production was measured at 8.3 per cent. in June, the corresponding figure for July was 7.9 per cent.

The outlook for the immediate future, the report indicates, is for a continued slowing-down. While the capital goods industry is still in an expansive mood, the consumer goods, raw materials and production goods industries are going through a period of "normalization."

Two of the softest spots in the German economic picture currently are shipbuilding and the automotive industry. The Federation of German Shipyards, in a statement just published, has blasted the Bonn Government again for not doing enough to help the shipbuilders whose long precarious position was further aggravated by the recent five per cent revaluation of the German mark.

In the five months that have passed since this currency adjustment, the Federation points out, the German shipyards' new orders have totalled only 130 million marks, as compared with a monthly average of 100 million marks in the past two years. What is even worse, the ratio of foreign orders has declined sharply; only 57 of the 130 million total for the past five months were for foreign account.

German shipbuilders, the statement goes on to say, are laboring under the twofold handicap of uncertainty surrounding the future value of the German mark (though the fears of foreign shipowners that it might go up still further no longer seem warranted at this stage) and of stiff competition by state-subsidized foreign yards, including those of two EEC partners, France and Italy.

In shipbuilding, the worst is yet to come at that. It is not until about two years hence that the full impact of the current shipping glut will make itself felt in the industry. Barring some

quite unforeseen event, the German shipyards, in 1963, will be forced drastically to cut production for lack of new orders.

In automobiles, the crash of the Borgward Works of Bremen — easily the most resounding business failure in the Federal Republic — has torn a big gap into a picture of hitherto unbroken prosperity. Detailed figures now revealed show that until 1958 the three divisions of the Borgward Group (Borgward, Lloyd and Goliath) operated profitably.

Beginning in 1959, the Lloyd Motor Works went into the red to the extent of 8,290,000 marks and in 1960 they piled up a whopping loss of 28,810,000 marks, which drew the whole group into bankruptcy. There have been charges of waste and feather-bedding that do not seem to be lacking in substance. In the next to final phase of this business disaster, the small city-state of Bremen sank tens of millions of marks into the fruitless attempt to salvage the Borgward concern.

In other branches of industry, too, signs of stagnation or recession have become apparent. In chemicals, the growth rate for the first six months of 1961 was only five per cent, as compared to 17 per cent in the same period of 1959 and 12 per cent in 1960. In the electro-industry, the hectic boom of the past is yielding to a quieter pace.

Farmers, too, are having trouble. A good deal of this year's crops has been spoiled by the rainy summer weather. According to a survey just released by the Ministry of Food, 1961 harvest yields are likely to fall about 20 per cent below the level of last year. This means less money for farmers and, if the old saw *Hat der Bauer Geld, hat's die ganze Welt* still holds good, may affect business as a whole.

Berlin, of course, is a sore spot, economically as well as politically. A number of West Berlin industrial enterprises, such as the Siemens Electrical Company, have been fairly hard hit by a shortage of manpower resulting from the loss of 50,000 border-crossers now captive behind Ulbricht's "Chinese Wall."

Siemens, incidentally, is on the point of acquiring (at a reported price of 25 to 30 million marks) one of the large plants vacated at Bremen by the collapse of the Borgward Group. Thus the firm is able to relieve some of its manpower pinch by taking on a substantial number of workers who have lost their jobs in the automotive concern.

At the same time, of course, this traditionally Berlin-based firm is establishing a strong foothold beyond the pale of Khrushchov's power. In a similar vein, the biggest Berlin bank recently has merged with a bank in Frankfurt-on-Main. Other Berlin manufacturers and businessmen are taking similar precautions against the uncertainties of tomorrow.

However, it is the small trader and entrepreneur who had set up shop near the boundary line in Berlin who has been hardest hit. Scores of shops and motion picture theatres that had made a specialty of catering to East Berlin customers are facing ruin. The once thriving money-changing business, too, is at an end because no West German bank buys East German marks any more under present conditions and only small amounts are sold, for smuggling into the Soviet zone has come almost to a halt.

While these minor hurts to the Berlin economy may be shrugged off as "pin-pricks," the loss of confidence in the Allies' ability to maintain the present status of West Berlin is quite a different matter. "It hurts," *Die Welt* wrote on Sept. 4, "to be told by Berlin businessmen that their suppliers in the Federal Republic now expect advance payments on orders 'in view of present circumstances'."

As yet it is too early to say whether and to what extent the Berlin crisis so wantonly started by Khrushchov and Co. has done irreparable harm to the West German economy. What is quite certain, though, is that it has taken off some of the lustre that was shining too brightly into Ulbricht's eyes. It didn't take much Machiavelianism, really, to plot this course of events.



Erhard examines German car. Crash of some auto works dimmed prosperity.

Cold Hearts for the Migrant Workers

by Frank Drea

THE DIRT ROADS leading back to the tobacco, vegetable and cash crop fields of southwestern Ontario are only a few hundred yards long, but a journey along this short route sees the clock of social progress turned back at least seven generations. At the end of these roads, toiling from dawn till dusk in futile pursuit of a pot of gold that inevitably is a mirage, are the migratory farm workers, ignored by and isolated from virtually every single piece of social legislation ever written.

Their plight, and that of hundreds of thousands of similar transient workers across this continent, appears destined to remain a saga of despair. For a generation of attempts to dramatize their existence has brought forth only pity instead of the legislation which alone can help them. But the migratory worker is a victim of his own wanderings and, most of all, victim of an antiquated legislative structure that still has farmers and rural dwellers dominating Parliament and the legislatures. [Rural Voters SN: Sept. 2].

Southern Ontario, where the tales of big money and the lure of a quick windfall bring 20,000 migrant farm workers to the fields annually, has the worst conditions on the continent, not excluding the five American states that import heavy concentrations of Mexican peons each summer.

Although the four western provinces have included the transient workers under their minimum wage laws and other labor legislation, Ontario has remained aloof and ploddingly excluded the category "agricultural worker" from its Labor Act, Female Minimum Wage and Maximum Hours Act, Vacation-with-Pay Act and from obligatory protection under the Workmen's Compensation Act.

The Federal Government, in a paradox since it includes fishermen and construction workers who also are dependent on the weather for work, excludes the migrant farm workers from unemployment insurance. Its employment service will find them jobs but there is no cushion for the five months when there is no work in the fields.

Although there appear to be no statistics for Ontario, the migrants ob-

viously make less than \$1,000 a season since all are paid in cash and there are never any deductions for income tax. Assuming that the Department of National Revenue is aware of their existence (the National Employment Service admits it does not know how many there are, where they come from or where they go), the lack of interest in their income tax deductions can be explained only by the reasoning that they do not earn enough to have the luxury of paying tax.

The prevailing agricultural wage in Ontario, the most affluent of provinces, ranges from 60 to 80 cents an hour for vegetables. Tobacco picking brings higher pay but this is a story in itself.

The measure of concern over such pitiful wages in Ontario can be gauged by the fact that the one-man commission (H. Carl Goldenberg) ordered to inquire into the labor relations and working conditions of workers employed by contractors and sub-contractors makes no reference to agricultural workers, although there is a growing trend toward contract labor in the province's harvests.

Vegetable picking across southern Ontario, although performed at piece work rates, averages between 60 and 80 cents an hour, with labor hired by

the day, usually at dawn. This includes tomatoes, onions, lettuce, turnips, parsley, celery and, to a lesser extent, cabbages and squash. Sugar beets, once a mainstay for pickers, now are harvested by machines although considerable labor is needed to block and hoe the beet fields during the summer.

But an examination of the most affluent of Ontario's crops, tobacco, shows that it offers the greatest lure to the migrant farm labor and also the greatest disillusionment, corruption and despair.

Ontario's tobacco road stretches almost 200 miles, from Dunnville to Essex on the outskirts of Windsor and the crop is bringing new prosperity to once marginal farm lands around Bothwell in south-central Ontario.

The history of tobacco in Ontario has been one of grim survival for the worker and the farmer, until four years ago when Ontario established a marketing board for the growers. Until then, the farmer had only one major market for his crop, the Imperial Tobacco Co., and the farmer complained that he was caught in a fierce economic grip.

Now two new tobacco firms have entered the field, two more have expanded and the marketing board establishes the price which all the buyers meet. The affluence along tobacco road reveals the new stability and prosperity resulting from this government intervention. Few farms in Canada can match the hundreds of new bungalows that have replaced the antiquated farm dwellings that once dotted the landscape.

But the prosperity has not filtered down to the itinerant workers who anxiously return year after year in search of the magical \$700 that six-weeks' work is supposed to bring. Their pay, in fact, averages \$13 a day when they work and their living conditions depend entirely on the paternalism of the individual farmer. Some are treated well but just as many live and work under almost primitive conditions.

There is no accommodation for any of the thousands who come until they find jobs, and for those who work by the day there is no place to live even



Fruit picking is now stable industry.

when they do get work. For ten days before the harvest starts, the migrants, men, women and children, crowd into the tobacco belt and sleep in ravines or along the road as they search for work.

In their wake come the camp followers, the bootleggers, prostitutes, gamblers, flimflammers and other flotsam that accompanies any mass movement of people who seldom know anything but poverty and unemployment. To protect against the invasion of camp followers, some communities bar transients from parks and have police with nightsticks patrolling the streets at night.

Others take no action against the camp followers, feeling that they will attract the migrants and their wages into the town. The year-round residents shun the main streets and leave the beer parlors and streetcorners to the transients and those trying to victimize them.

Police protest that stern action is needed to keep order and will cite statistics to show that the rate of break-ins, thefts and assaults, spirals when the harvest season commences. But no community offers accommodation, recreation or other facilities to the migratory workers.

Included in the horde that follow the migratory workers are the unscrupulous contractors, who now dominate one important segment of the tobacco harvest, the suckering or pruning of sucker leaves from the ripening plant. Taking advantage of teen-age or inexperienced workers, these contractors openly exploit them, sometimes cutting wages three and four times a day.

They also operate their own kind of company store, with beer, blankets, soft drinks, sleeping bags, food and other products available if the worker will let the employer deduct the cost from his wages.

These workers are at the mercy of the contractor and many of them sleep in flea-ridden cabins, where the mattress and bed is an inch or two of dirty straw and their food often is bologna augmented by beans and water. The farmer is not responsible for he subcontracts the pruning to the lowest bidder. The trend towards contractors has brought savage price cutting, in turn reflected in the pay and living conditions of the workers.

It is impossible not to be moved by the despair and frustration of many families a day or two after the tobacco harvest has started. They have come from Nova Scotia or British Columbia, nursing a battered old car hundreds of miles only to find the labor too grueling. Picking tobacco is the most arduous of farm labor since the first leaves to be harvested are on the bot-

tom of the plant. This means that the worker must be doubled over as he picks his daily quota of 20,000 leaves.

These people have no protectors since the Ontario Labor Relations Act excludes them from its scope. They can band together, and often do on an informal basis, but there is nothing to compel employers to negotiate with them.

Compensation is also denied to most of them, although they face a high incidence of allergies (tobacco poisoning, parsley itch, celery rash), back injuries and hernias, and occasional injuries by tools. Although the basis of compensation in Canada is that a workman need



Tobacco workers need a new deal.

not sue his employer in case of injury, the law suit is the basic system for the migrant worker.

NES makes farmers using Government employment bureaus carry liability insurance. But obligatory compensation is denied to the migrant workers, although it is extended to almost every other kind of worker, including white collar. Most migrant workers believe they are covered by compensation laws because all other workers are.

Although many of the tobacco communities are strongholds of the Lord's Day Alliance and other Sunday observance groups, there is no protest that the migratory farm workers work the same hours on the Sabbath as they do the other six days of the week. A Protestant church survey has revealed that the job of feeding the itinerant workers searching for work falls mainly on the Salvation Army and the Roman Catholic Church.

The same conditions apply to the other cash crop harvests except perhaps fruit picking which has become a stable industry that now attracts people from nearby cities seeking temporary work. Many of the idle automobile workers, who annually face summer layoffs, turn to picking fruit

and apple growers around Oshawa are quite happy if the auto workers decide to strike because this assures them a plentiful labor supply.

In Leamington, police cleaned out a hobo jungle a few hundred yards from a modern senior citizens' home after an itinerant worker was beaten to death. Citizens were stunned by the inquest and said few residents ever realized such conditions existed in the tomato capital of Canada.

Tillsonburg, one of the tobacco capitals, cleaned out a ravine because police warned that swarms of itinerant workers could get out of hand. There is also the health hazard. Simcoe, another tobacco town, routed the loiterers and told them to get out of town unless they had work and accommodation.

But the Norfolk County Medical officer of health had to charge a woman who housed 11 tobacco workers in the cellar of a pool hall and netted \$200 a week although a sign warned that the place was unfit for human habitation.

At Delhi, last of the tobacco towns to crack down, a tobacco worker complained that he was attacked and robbed of \$375 and another man complained that two men attacked him with a bottle and stole \$17.

But like the residents of California's Imperial Valley or the Rio Grande Valley of Texas or the Mississippi River delta, the townspeople in southwestern Ontario shrug off any responsibility for the migratory workers. "Why should a town of 3,000 be expected to provide accommodation for 20,000?" is a standard retort from an indignant citizen.

However, the real reason is much deeper. Vegetable picking machines are now enjoying wide success in Florida and manufacturers say the end of the migratory farm laborer is in sight. A tobacco picking machine has been developed and its only bug is its failure successfully to pick the top sets of leaves. Feelers that guide the machine vibrate the almost barren stalk and pass over the top leaves. But the engineers are working hard and predict that there will be few tobacco pickers left within five years.

There is only one major labor group which shows any concern about reform even though not one of its unions has a member in the fields. The Ontario Federation of Labor has appointed a special committee to study the migratory farm labor situation and bring in recommendations for legislative proposals. The labor officials point out that the only permanent cure to such a widespread social evil is social legislation. But they will have a big problem in convincing the lawmakers that the migrant worker is not a fast vanishing anachronism.

Wanted: A Debate on Transport Policy

by Raymond Rodgers

IT'S A CURIOUS FACT that throughout the 1960-1961 Parliamentary session debate on transport policy never came to a head. Curious because the whole field is currently one of ferment. Every branch of transport — air, sea, road, pipe, and rail — is popping with new ideas and developments. Most of this seems to have missed the parliamentarians.

Supersonic aircraft will soon be upon us for trans-oceanic and trans-continental runs. To end senseless duplication and inefficient competition between TCA and CPA a government committee recently put three alternatives to the cabinet: a consortium like SAS, a mixed private-government corporation like KLM, or a division of routes with TCA leaving the overseas runs and CPA giving up its trans-Canada run.

(Some implementation of the latter suggestion seems implicit in the government's decision to let CPA fly from Western Canada to Britain with pickups in Calgary — a move which has the British hopping mad because it's not in keeping with our air agreement with them. It also contradicts a recent British contention that there's no room for another trans-Atlantic carrier).

In shipping, the government has hinted that state intervention may yet be required to build a merchant marine.

Last December, the prime minister said that "in a major campaign to win new markets abroad for the primary and secondary industries of Canada, Canadians should put forth every effort to ensure that . . . Canadian facilities are used to the maximum at all times in the carrying and handling of Canadian goods."

The government is also being pushed to expand the Trans-Canada Highway system. Last March, the Canadian Construction Association proposed that "a National Highways Organization be established to coordinate the planning, financing and construction of roads of national importance." More specifically, it suggested "Federal appropriations, in keeping with the financial ability of the Canadian people, to be made available to the province based on such factors as population and required road mileages, etc., to be used for the improvement of Canada's main highway system."

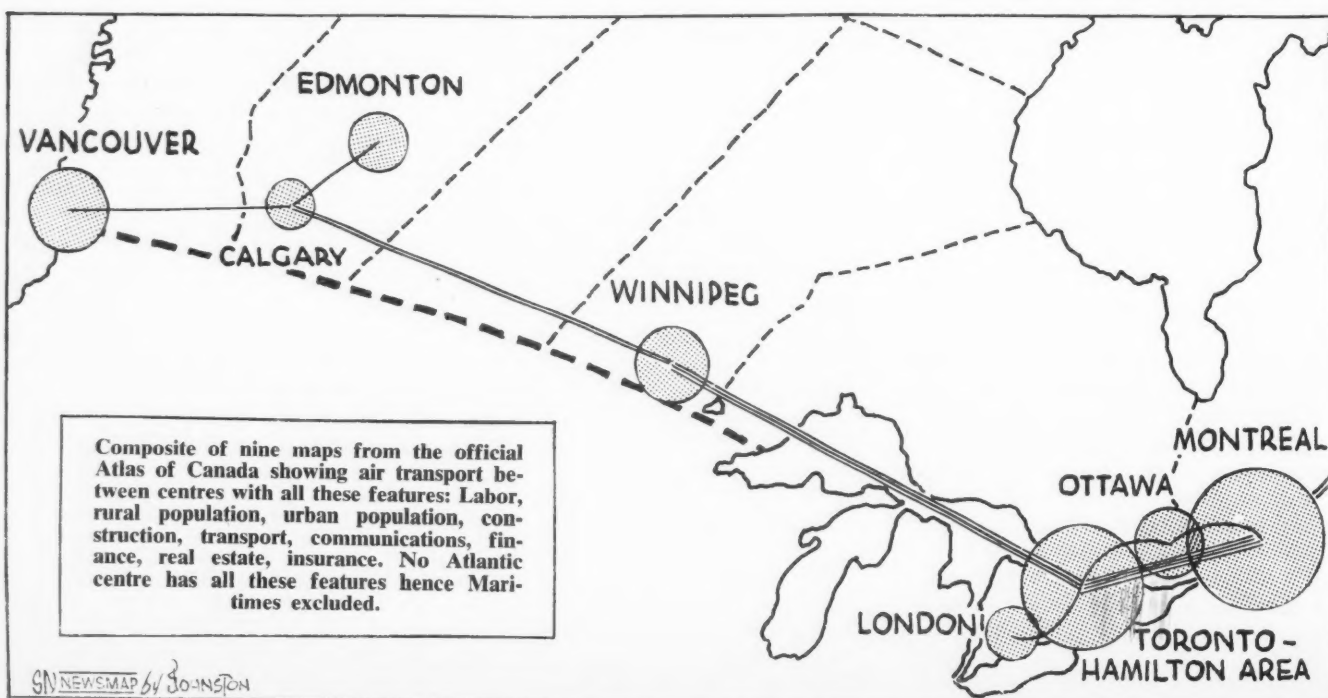
The Association pointed out that "Canada is one of the very few leading nations without a co-ordinated National Highways Policy. In the USA, for example . . . the Federal Government recognized the national importance of roads back to 1918 and initiated a large-scale and most successful federal-state highway program on a continuing basis."

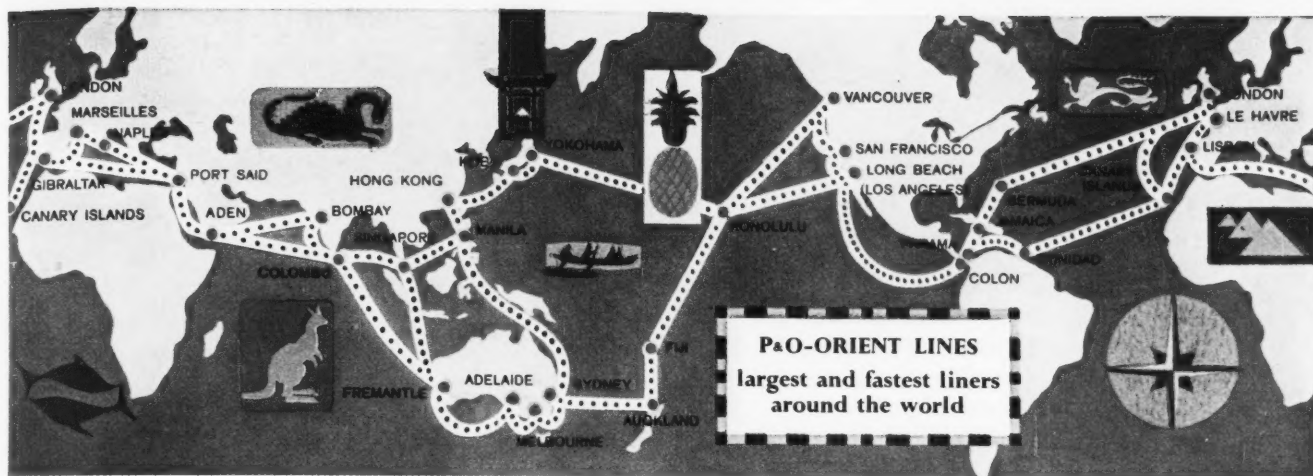
In Canada, this could be done by invoking s. 92(10) (c) of the British North America Act which gives Ottawa authority for public works "declared by the Parliament of Canada to be for the general advantage of Canada or for the advantage of two or more of the provinces".

The rapid development of pipelines capable of carrying bulk products — semi-solids and particles — introduces a new factor into future transport policy. The Royal Commission on Transportation noted last March that "The economics of pipeline operation have some substantial advantages over all other methods of transportation and . . . the pipeline may loom very large indeed in the transportation picture of the future."

Transport economist W. B. Saunders, in a brief to this same Commission, suggested that the railway problem in Canada comes from a duplication of services by the two giants. He also criticized the lack of over-all policy on the national level.

Faced with this ferment, Parliament has wasted its time discussing such trivialities as the appointment of directors to the board of the CNR and the approaches to a new Trans-Canada Highway bridge in Montreal. The big debates have been avoided and no party — least of all the government party —





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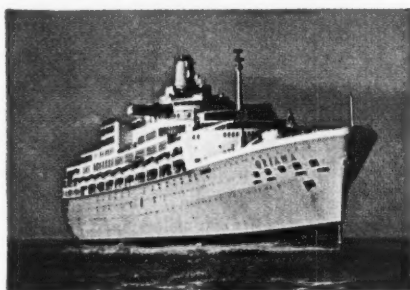
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The biggest debate of all, of course, should be whether we want to use a subsidized system to aid our international and domestic trade in an age of growing economic blocs. (Varying degrees of subsidization are implicit in most of the studies currently being conducted in the field of transport policy.) Closely related to all this is the suggestion that subsidized transport may be a better tool for Canada than high tariffs.

H. E. English, in *Canadian Economic Policy*, has pointed out the paradoxical fact that the tariff has aided the Americanization of our industry and he argues that, "Had a system of subsidies been used to develop Canadian manufacturing industries instead of commercial policy, this structural defect . . . might have been avoided."

The simplest, and least arbitrary, subsidy would be that of cheap transportation — the cheap rates being confined to *Canadian* producers — enabling Canadian firms to ship from coast to coast (and beyond) and meet any cross-the-border competition at points as far apart as Vancouver and St. John.

In line with the findings of the Royal Commission on Transportation, "assistance to transportation which is designed to aid, on national policy grounds, particular shippers and particular regions should be recognized for what it is and not be disguised as a subsidy to the transportation industry. Moreover, whenever assistance of this kind is distributed through the transportation medium it should be available on a non-discriminatory basis to all carriers."

The ultimate conclusion to all this is, of course, an integrated system run by

a Crown corporation — which would not necessarily preclude private participation. But so far, the government seems to put "people's capitalism" of the KLM and Volkswagen type into the same category as socialism.

Only one MP has raised the question of mixed enterprise in the field of transportation this year. Speaking in the Pine Point Railway debate on September 18, W. M. Benidickson asked: "if this is a subsidy . . . why should the government not implement a policy of taking, in partnership with those others who contribute to the advancement of the economy, equity stock in the Pine Point Railway? Everybody else who invests in such things aspires ultimately to some share of the capital stock." (And of course, the government could always make small-lots of its equity available to private citizens.)

But an integrated, cheap transport network is much too bold a measure to expect from the present government — or its Liberal alternative for that matter. The old parties are beholden to the various transport private enterprisers — who subscribe to party war-chests. And even the NDP would be hampered by union opposition to the lay-offs which integration might involve.

True, a subsidized and integrated transport system — at least for the Canadian heartland — would cost a lot in terms of public investment. But we have one of the lowest public service expenditures in the Western world: 8.5 per cent of national income compared with "capitalist" West Germany's 20 per cent.

Sooner or later, the Galbraithian thesis that private consumption demands concomitant social services — better roads, etc. — will dawn on the Canadian electorate. This they will understand, even if they don't understand the intricacies of trade blocs, tariffs, and transport subsidies. When that day comes, it's hard to see how Parliament can avoid a debate which it should be holding now.

Transport and the Canadian Heartland

THE ESSENTIAL FEATURE of transport in the Canadian heartland is its straight-line basis. In the USA carriers can make up a network of routes crossing between major centres dotted around the country: Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, etc. In Canada, straight-line concentration argues strongly for integrated transport. Where we do have scattered centres — particularly the Atlantic provinces other than Quebec — they are too small to justify a substantial transportation network.

The result is that members of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council find themselves cut off from the Canadian heartland. While the Maritimes Freight Rates Act helps a little (like the Crowsnest Pass Rates in the West), it is inadequate for two

reasons, both of which were noted by the Royal Commission on Transportation.

First, aid is disguised as a subsidy to the railways when it should be acknowledged as the price for the high tariffs protecting central Canada. Second, the railways alone bear the burden — at a time when other forms of transport are highly competitive.

To face these problems, the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council will shortly be embarking on a study of the feasibility of concentrating Maritime industry and population in one or two main centres. Such a study is acknowledgedly academic due to the high costs of relocation and rivalry between the possible sites: Saint John, Moncton and Halifax.

Commonwealth Loses to Common Market

by Donald Gordon

THE UNPALATABLE FACT of the matter is that Britain is quite likely to ditch the Commonwealth in order to get into Europe.

That, in the pause after the tumultuous Commonwealth Finance Ministers' meeting in Accra and before the first formal talks with the Six, is the one clear impression emerging as to British intentions. While surprised — even alarmed — by the prolonged and pungent pleas put forward by the Commonwealth ministers, senior British officials remain convinced that the need to join the European Common Market is sufficiently pressing to override all the arguments.

They remain convinced for three important reasons: one, the certainty that a unified western Europe (containing an opportunity for a British bid for eventual leadership) has become essential for any effective political or economic activity on the world scene; two, undiluted confidence that despite the wails in Accra the Commonwealth will hang together during the first entry stages and will actually prosper after the initial dislocations and three, a canny recognition that the momentum towards a membership has reached such a stage domestically that efforts to reverse it would produce only an election crisis leading to the defeat of the Government.

On each of these points, in turn, Whitehall musters compelling arguments. Politically it is considered self-evident that the present shaky Paris-Bonn-London alliance has not been at all effective in influencing either the

United States or the Soviet Union. The only possible answer to this — and an important one not only in terms of outright peace-or-war politics but as a day-to-day antidote to the casual imperatives and incursions of the major powers — lies in the larger more cohesive European political union backed by the resources of population and materials sufficient to challenge the giants on their own terms.

Economically, the case is even stronger. Already important basic industries in Britain — chemicals, automobiles, machine tools, aircraft — have felt the pinch of exclusion from the ECM. The markets involved, unlike most of the Commonwealth outlets, are highly competitive so that the extra burden of a tariff can spell ruin in most cases. In addition, the varied common market consortiums now being organized represent the kinds of rationalization vital to British manufacturers if they are to remain afloat.

Besides, as was evident in the corridor mutterings in Accra, the British dispute most of the Commonwealth objections. The statistics cited in Accra, for instance, came near to prompting chuckles of unbelief because of the plethora of variables they encompassed.

"To be brutally frank", comments one Conservative spokesman, "it is foolish to look at the Commonwealth these days as a very effective political organization. There are too many differences among the members, and these differences — involving race, religion, economic development and political attitudes — are likely to increase rather

than diminish.

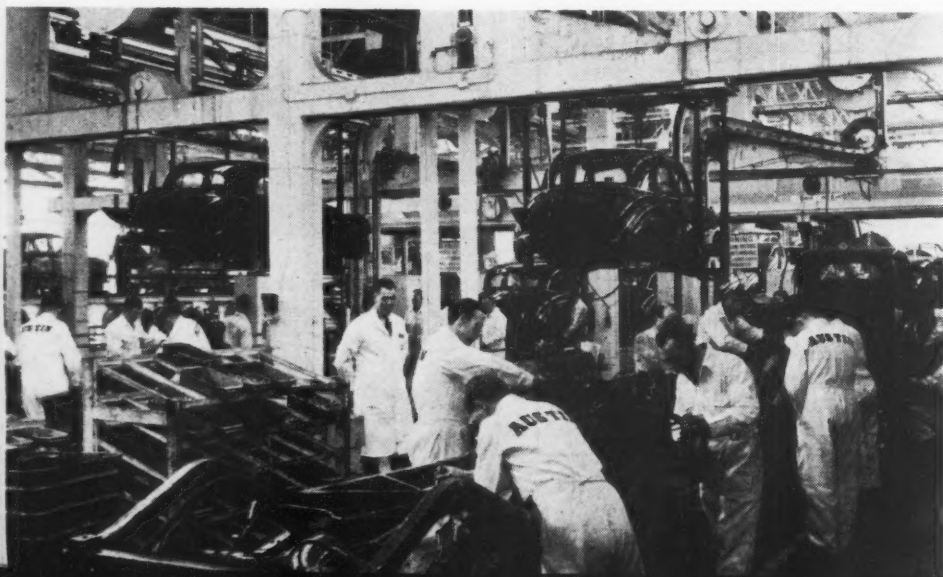
"At the same time, it is our conviction that only these nebulous political ties will be affected by Britain's entry into the European community. Despite what some of the Commonwealth members say, the great bulk of our present two-way trade will assuredly remain intact since it is based on specialized goods and commodities. Such isolated losses as may occur can be expected to be compensated for over, say, a ten year period by the overall trading increase we envisage in the community as a whole."

Mind you, these same officials concede privately that their case is as open to critical pot-shots as that of the worried Commonwealth. Both sides are essentially drawing on the same statistical raw material for their forecasts and conclusions and the only real difference lies in the influence of predetermined assumptions. But the influence of these assumptions is as much for the common market in Britain as it is against in, for example, Ottawa.

Domestic politics represents one of the strongest assumptions of all. To the dismay of most Canadian observers, the reasoned, comprehensive, brilliant speech by Donald Fleming, the Minister of Finance, in Accra was virtually dismissed by most British officials as a long-range election stunt. This, in turn, reflected some of their own preoccupations.

For, in fact, the biggest influence pushing Britain towards the Continent now is the combination of business, professional and parliamentary groups throughout the country that has been persuaded during the last year to support such a bid. By any reckoning this coalition represents a formidable array sufficient, according to the party professionals, to swing the balance at a general election through their control of both votes and funds available to the Conservative government.

As a result, the initially heady appeal of Europe — bolstered by the ever-closer social and travel links forged since the war — has been almost unassailably reinforced by the stark and pragmatic concerns of parish politics. Past British history from Henry's marriages to the Zinoviev letter have pro-



Britain's automobile industry has felt pinch of exclusion from ECM.

vided recurrent evidence of the overwhelming power of expediency. The popularity of the Common Market idea now (in itself a reflection of the post-war ascendancy of materialism among Britain's middle and working classes) is seen as similarly demanding.

Against the backdrop, however, it is still stressed here that all may not necessarily be lost. While conceding a certain willingness to barter commonwealth prerogatives in return for membership in the Common Market, the British negotiators can be expected to fight for all they can get away with. And there is a point at which the gains of membership will be outweighed by the disadvantages.

This, at the moment, shapes up as the probable pattern of play: Britain for her part, will seek exclusion of agricultural products from the initial agreement, at least the promise of the removal of quota restrictions applied by the Six, expansion of the range of goods allowed duty-free entry into the market area and a transition period of up to 15 years.

In addition there will probably be the informal suggestion, at least, of



Fleming's speech went unheeded.

some formula by which the Commonwealth countries could share in market privileges without being tagged as "associated overseas territories" (a status rejected in advance by all of the sensitive Afro-Asian members of the Commonwealth).

The Europeans should go up in smoke at such proposals. But, providing that they can be convinced that the first overtures really do represent

bargaining counters, the haggling should get under way. Probably during this second stage the agricultural concessions will be the first to go followed by a reduction of the transition period to a ten-year maximum. Then the fight will be on about the remaining terms.

At that stage the outcome is anybody's guess since France — the grey spectre in the talks — still hasn't tipped her hand to anyone. All that is considered likely is that Britain will pull back if she is turned down flat and instructed to accept the basic Rome Treaty provisions without exception.

And, sadly, there is a price attached to that as well. While clearly serious and well-intentioned in their protests, the Commonwealth ministers are considered here to have made a tactical error with their Accra outcries. Because of their wails Britain now is in a position to claim that the blame for any failure to get into Europe lies at the Commonwealth doorstep (in terms of "we were saddled with too many restrictions"). And should such a failure occur it's certain that a stiff price will be exacted from the Commonwealth as compensation.

Tommy Douglas Has a Plan:

Saskatchewan Sets Pattern for the NDP

by Charles E. Bell

THE NOISY BIRTH of the New Democratic Party this Summer is sure to shove Saskatchewan onto the nation's political stage. For here, in this agricultural province, Canada's first and only "Socialist experiment" has been in operation for the past 17 years, all the time under the guidance of T. C. (Tommy) Douglas.

With him as the NDP's leader and his former CCF colleagues as the battle-trained core of the new organisation, it is clear that the experience in Saskatchewan and the policies of the men who have shaped that experience will color the brand of Socialism presented to the people by the NDP in its first attempt at federal power.

That Socialism is a far cry from the Regina Manifesto and the wrangles which Hugh Gaitskell and his critics have only recently been fighting in England over nationalisation, the reduction of the scope of private enterprise and the increase of government intervention in business.

As it exists today, fashioned in the harsh workshop of trial and error, the political philosophy of the Saskatchewan CCF party is based on a "mixed economy" in which public ownership, co-operative enterprise and private en-

terprise work in harmony for the common weal.

Thus, when Douglas, at the NDP convention, accepted Prime Minister Diefenbaker's challenge to fight the next election on the issue of socialism versus private enterprise, the NDP leader was careful to add his own definition: In its proper terms, he told the convention, the issue was a planned economy to provide full employment and higher living standards, or an unplanned economy with everyone for himself "as the elephant said when he was dancing among the chickens". Such a planned economy would make possible the social benefits of the so-called welfare state.

To people in Saskatchewan, this sounded familiar. For the CCF in Regina constantly preaches social welfare, not socialism. It emphasises the part co-operative enterprise must play in the economy. It talks less about its 11 Crown corporations—a majority of them either utilities or semi-monopolies



Douglas: Dief's challenge accepted.

— and more about the need for attracting industries to buttress the wheat economy. Before the government was re-elected in June, 1960, Douglas summed up this mellowing process:

"Practical experience and changing economic conditions have proved wrong many of the techniques of socialism in 1944. We have gone about as far as we can in new social planning in Saskatchewan and now we must implement these plans."

This sense of Douglas moderation was first brought to bear upon the Saskatchewan CCF party in circumstances strikingly similar to the course of events leading up to last summer's founding convention of the NDP. In the late 1930's, some officials and supporters of the newly formed CCF party, Saskatchewan section, became concerned over a factionalism which was developing between the party's substantial farm bloc and the left-wing doctrinaire socialists.

Some of the latter were led, paradoxically, by George Williams, himself a farmer and a founding member of the CCF. Williams was represented as being dogmatic in his approach to socialist theories, among them those relating to state ownership. This was a touchy subject with many landholding farmers.

Tommy Douglas, a Scottish parson in a southern Saskatchewan town, had held a union card as a linotype operator on the Winnipeg *Free Press* before he entered Brandon College to obtain his divinity degree. He was elected as a CCF member to the House of Commons in 1935. Previously, the diminutive, quick-witted Douglas had been an unsuccessful candidate in a provincial election. He had run on a farmer-labor ticket.

In 1940, as now, he was hailed as the man most likely to pull the party together and a "draft Douglas" movement ended in him being named leader

of the Saskatchewan CCF over Williams at a convention the following year. As new leader of the provincial party which had shown signs of internal strife, his policies were necessarily moderate — especially so, compared with the forthright terms used to describe the programs and policies of the CCF party as set forth in a document drawn up at the party's founding convention at Regina in 1933.

The Regina Manifesto has been quoted and misquoted many times in the past quarter century. Its punch line has haunted the CCF in Parliament, in provincial legislatures and on election platforms: "No CCF government will rest content until it has eradicated capitalism and put into operation the full program of socialised planning which will lead to the establishment in Canada of the Co-operative Commonwealth."

The Manifesto proposed "socialisation" of all financial machinery — banking, currency, credit and insurance. Slated for "social ownership and operation" were transportation, communications, electric power and, later, such industries as mining, pulp and paper manufacturing, the distribution of milk, bread, coal and gasoline.

The document exhibited the unmistakable coloration of the Great Depression which was compounded on the Canadian prairies by a near-decade of drought. There was widespread misery and want in Saskatchewan's cities and farms.

The searing winds of the "Dirty Thirties" raised not only clouds of dust and grasshoppers, but also an agrarian protest movement which fastened upon the CCF party. In the June, 1944 provincial election the Socialists, previously the official Opposition, were blown into power.

Three months after the election, a special session of the legislature was called to implement some of the prom-

ises and plans. Seventy-six pieces of major legislation were passed. Framework for a state health service was forged, the rural school system was re-organised, preliminary steps were taken to bring in state insurance and co-operative farms.

Plans were made to expand the province's power grid and a provincial reconstruction fund was established. A Trade Union Act, investing a provincial board with sweeping powers was legislated, bringing an immediate protest from the Law Society of Saskatchewan over the "ousting of the courts" from this important field.

A Farm Security Act to prevent eviction from the "home quarter" for non-payment of mortgages was put on the books. Three new government departments were set up — social welfare, labor and co-operative development.

The following year, the government began to move into public ownership with the stated objective of providing work for Saskatchewan people and making profits which could be used to finance a vast provincial social welfare and health program.

By the end of 1946 the government had bought or established a dozen Crown enterprises. Included was a shoe factory, which, working with a government leather tannery, was to produce "sturdy work boots" and other leather articles for sale to Saskatchewan people.

A woollen mill in the city of Moose Jaw was purchased for about \$200,000 to manufacture blankets, mackinaw coats, shirting material and other goods. To ensure the "orderly marketing and processing" of fish in the north, a fish board was established. A timber board was to provide similar services in the lumbering industry.

Through the purchase of a small bus company, the nucleus of the Saskatchewan Transportation Company was formed. It grew into a province-wide bus system — the first provincially-owned one in Canada. Two reconstruction corporations were set up, one to handle the sale of war assets, the other to enter the housing field. A fur marketing service was established which was later turned into another Crown corporation.

The government got into the brick manufacturing business by buying an old plant in the city of Estevan. Facilities were built at Chaplin to produce sodium sulphate. Included in the crown corporation line-up were the telephone and power utilities, but these had been government-owned before the CCF came to office. The groundwork was laid for the acquisition of a radio station, but this venture failed to materialize.

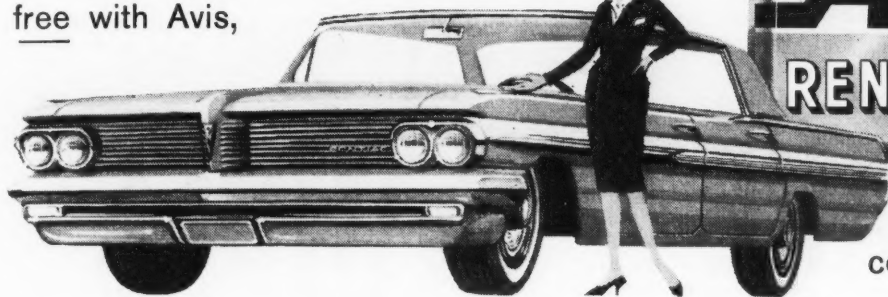
Controversy and litigation resulted from the manner in which the govern-



Noisy birth of NDP shoved Saskatchewan onto the nation's political stage.

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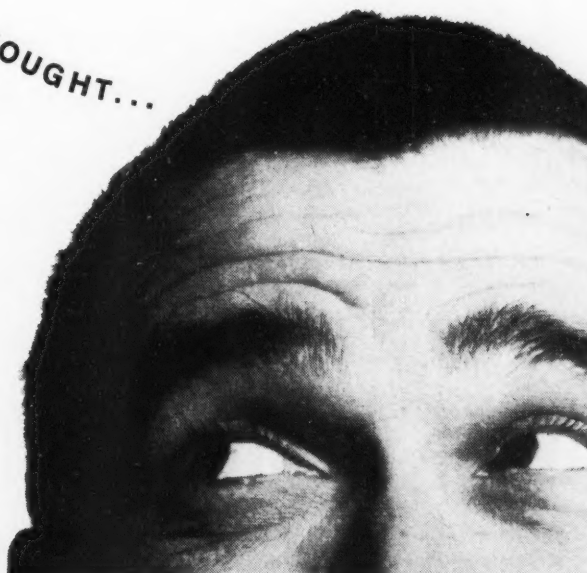
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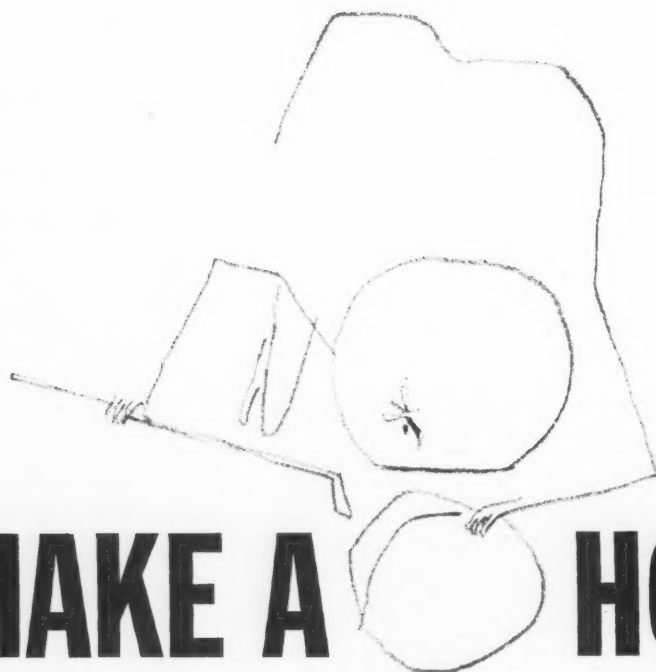
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ment obtained a wooden-box manufacturing concern in Prince Albert. Using its power of expropriation, alleging that an attempt was being made to evade labor legislation — a union-management dispute was in progress at the time — the government seized the plant, planning to operate it as another Crown corporation. After prolonged bitter arbitration proceedings, the owner was paid \$71,500.

The Saskatchewan Government Insurance Office was one of the first Crown enterprises established. The CCF party had long claimed that insurance companies, charging high premium rates, were sending their profits out of the province. The government enterprise, offering general lines of insurance with the exception of life, was to keep some of this money in Saskatchewan, at the same time providing work for Saskatchewan people.

Also in the insurance field, although not a Crown corporation, the Automobile Accident Insurance Fund was created. The fund provided, by law, for payment of a premium with the vehicle licence fee to insure for damage and liability. Later, a guarantee and fidelity company was bought.

During the next decade, the Socialist dream of thriving government enterprises providing handsome profits to finance ambitious health and welfare programs faded into red ink. The tannery and shoe factory closed in 1948 for winter renovations and never reopened. Together they lost \$155,763. The housing corporation ceased operations with a deficit of \$42,400. The fish board folded in 1949 after losing \$390,000.

Saskatchewan Wool Products followed several years later, because, according to government spokesmen, the textile industry was suffering from overproduction. It lost \$111,000. The fur marketing service has narrowed the scope of its activities. The war assets business provided the only gleam of light in an otherwise gloomy picture by closing with a small profit.

The Prince Albert box factory, which had drawn national interest through the peculiar expropriation procedure involved in its acquisition, was turned over to the timber board after 11 years of operation and accumulated losses of \$352,000.

The Automobile Accident Insurance Fund, which, according to Liberal Opposition raises its premium rates after every election, has had its share of annual deficits and another revision of the rates is in prospect.

Today the remaining Crown corporations, (which include the brick factory, the sodium sulphate plant, insurance office, transportation company, Northern Airline, and utilities) are the sub-

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ject of perennial partisan debate.

They are operating at a profit according to annual financial statements, but the Liberal Opposition, with some justification, claims they enjoy monopoly or semi-monopoly advantages over private enterprise, and are subsidized by such government favors as low interest or non-interest government advances and loans, tax advantages, free management advice or administrative services supplied by a government finance office.

That the CCF's initial venture into public ownership, was, at best, only a qualified success, however, is apparent in the light of events at the party's national convention in Winnipeg in 1956. Here, against the background of the record in Saskatchewan, Douglas displayed political realism. As a leading exponent of a more moderate policy, he was instrumental in having the convention adopt the Winnipeg Declaration.

The declaration, toning down the fire-in-the-belly pronouncements of the Regina Manifesto, asserted that “the CCF will not rest content until every person in this land and in all other lands is able to enjoy equality and freedom, a sense of human dignity and an opportunity to live a rich and meaningful life as a citizen of a free and peaceful world.”

To the delegates, Douglas propounded his “mixed economy” formula in which private enterprise was to be given “appropriate opportunity”. In Saskatchewan today no further excursions into the public ownership sector seem likely in the immediate future. But given high priority in the CCF scheme of things is the provincial department of co-operation and co-operative development of which Douglas himself held the portfolio until recently.

In addition to funds in the form of outright grants the department provides management and administrative services for all kinds of co-operatives. The co-operative movement has been strong in the province since settlement days and today the principle is applied to a wide variety of industries and services.

It is no more popular with private business, however, than nationalisation. One of the strongest public protests made by the provincial oil industry came over a deal in which the government granted to a co-operative enterprise — which operates a fully integrated oil business in the production, marketing and retail fields — some prime acreage that had been proven by private companies, after a pledge from the Premier that the industry would not be interfered with.

More recently, the oil industry was



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unhappy over government action two years ago imposing an additional, overriding one per cent royalty on production. The government said the tax was to pay for oil under crown-owned road allowances which were being drained by nearby wells. The government was criticised for further irritating the industry at a time when it should be trying to encourage more exploration and development.

In the past six years the industry has added an estimated \$75,000,000 to the provincial coffers in royalties and land sales. In fact, one seventh of the province's revenues, apart from federal payments, is derived from the oil industry.

But Douglas is eager to attract new private industries. A government department provides an extensive service for prospective firms seeking a prairie location. Loans are available from an industrial development fund to industries which can meet certain standards. In one notable case, which has now become a political issue, a total of \$16,000,000 has either been lent or guaranteed to a Regina steel mill.

The mill encountered production difficulties, not unexpected in the initial operations of such enterprises, but the government hails it as evidence of industrialisation encouraged by CCF policies. In the Throne Speech during the last legislative session, the administration listed a total of 32 new industries which had recently sprung up in the province.

To prove his statements (and to help swing the 1960 election) Douglas commissioned an economic survey of the province from the Stanford Research Institute of Menlo Park, California. The survey noted that the province had been administered by "a political party popularly described as Socialist" for the past 16 years and went on to say that Douglas' administration "had gone further than other provincial governments in aid to co-operatives and creation of publicly-owned corporations."

The institute survey, in analysing the government's activities through crown corporations said "it would be misleading to suggest that the difference in attitude of Saskatchewan toward public ownership of business enterprises differs in basic principle from that of other provinces or earlier governments — the difference is one of emphasis and degree."

"In fact, this government differs from other provincial governments, not by holding a rigid philosophy not shared by others, but by encouraging the form of organisation that would best perform the particular task at hand."

In sum, the report, which was used widely by the government during the 1960 election campaign to counter talk of "socialism", said that the extension



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SATURDAY NIGHT

of public ownership has been toward the utilisation of resources and the elimination of gaps left by private enterprise. "The government has undertaken such enterprise only when private sources of investment have felt that the particular enterprises were too risky."

The CCF record in Saskatchewan, together with Douglas' political philosophy — inextricably entwined — are starting points for making a projection of NDP policy, should it come to be tested in national office. Two further guides may be found in the tenor and phraseology of the resolutions endorsed at the founding convention and the tone of the gathering's key addresses.

Although the new party's program appears to breathe left-wing enthusiasm, it is a fact that many of the passages in the resolutions could be cheerfully enunciated by the old-line parties. It is equally true that some of the objectives — full employment as a "social right" under a Guaranteed Employment Act, for instance — would require a major economic upheaval to implement, but with Douglas as leader it is unlikely that any approach to such a labor millennium would be rash or sudden.

"The NDP will expand public and co-operative ownership for such purposes as the operation of utilities, the development of resources, the elimination of monopoly concentrations of power and the operation of major enterprises immediately and directly affecting the nation," according to the NDP program.

"We believe in economic planning. Where public ownership is necessary we should have public ownership. Other forms can be controlled by a public investment board," according to Douglas speaking on a British Broadcasting Corporation program this summer.

In a Galbraithian vein — Douglas is said to be much influenced by the American economist-author — the NDP program calls for the use of more social capital for houses, schools, hospitals, roads and parks. The federal cabinet is to be the ultimate planning authority in an interlocking structure of bureaus and boards reaching out into the provinces.

Investment capital will be suitably directed to "maintain a reasonable balance between public and private needs . . . One of the responsibilities of a National Investment Board is the licencing of the raising of new capital." The left-wingers are certain to derive some comfort from this provision as it invests broad powers in the board. But, again, its effectiveness depends upon its translation into active policy.

In common with other political parties, the NDP inveighs against for-



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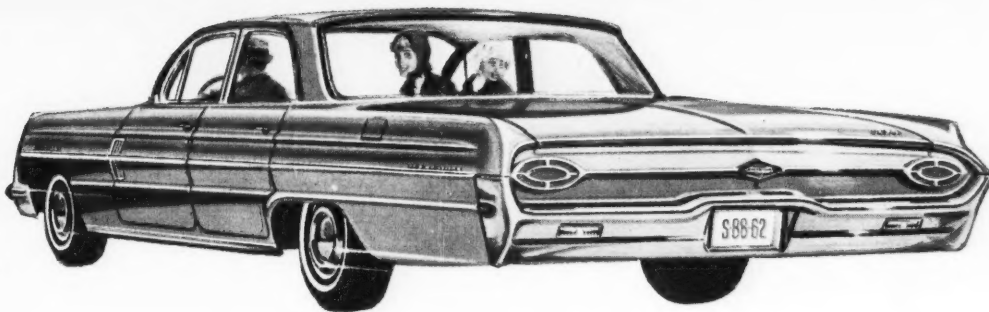
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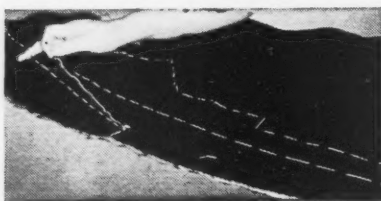
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eign" corporations which threaten the right of Canadians to direct their own economic activities. The farmer is to be freed from the cost-price squeeze by a parity price program. Small businesses are to be encouraged.

As it is phrased, the NDP policy outline appears to impose no firm obligation upon Douglas — should the party come to power — to implement any extreme measures although this eventuality depends to a large extent on the vigor of the left-wing faction. While the limits set by Saskatchewan's provincial borders would be lifted giving socialist theories more room to range, it is likely that Douglas would back the formula that has been tried in Saskatchewan. Utilities would be nationalised — pipelines and transportation services are in this category — along with "selected industries."

If CCF public outcries in the past are any criterion, the drug industry is an example in the latter classification. Co-operative enterprise would be encouraged to take more of the load in the non-public sector. Canada, like Saskatchewan, is in need of outside development capital and any untoward moves by a federal government would surely restrict its flow. A moderate attitude would assure foreign investors and would appeal to a broader cross-section of the Canadian electorate. This includes organised labor.

Such a moderate enthusiasm for labor is also part of the Saskatchewan experience. In its years in power the government has provided labor with benefits, equal to or ahead of those enjoyed in other industrialised provinces — benefits which embrace annual holiday requirements, minimum wages, employment contracts and fringe benefits, plus access to a wide variety of services supplied by the department of labor.

In spite of this, the province has had its share of strikes and threats of strikes — crown corporations included. Several years ago the Government Insurance Office was picketed by its unionised workers.

While socialism was thus being downgraded, social welfare came to the fore. Public health programs were emphasised. Currently, the province's hospitalisation plan is a CCF showpiece, sure to be displayed in the new party's political window.

When the Saskatchewan Hospital Services Plan went into operation in 1947 as a province-wide, compulsory insurance-type scheme, it cost about \$7,500,000 annually. It was — and is — financed by an annual personal levy by proceeds from part of a three per cent provincial sales tax; and by appropriations from the provincial treasury.

Beset from the beginning by an in

exorable upward pressure on costs, last year the plan's over-all total reached a record \$35,500,000. The federal health grant of \$14,600,000 eased the burden on Saskatchewan taxpayers.

Recently the personal premium was raised to \$24 from \$17.50 for a single person, to \$48 from \$35 for a family maximum. A question mark looms at present over the financing of a medical care plan. The relentless climb of the hospital plan's costs presents a sombre background for any expansion in the province's health services.

Nearly ten per cent of this year's budget went to pay for social welfare. The department, one of the largest in the government, had an appropriation of \$14,000,000 for such items as rehabilitation, payment of supplementary pensions to needy old folk, financial and medical aid to indigents. The corrections branch, which has a comprehensive program in the provincial jails, has high priority.

At the last session of the legislature a "means test", used to determine eligibility in two public assistance plans—supplemental allowance and mothers' allowance—was changed to a "needs test". Effect of the change was to allow more flexibility in the administration of the plans. The social security allowances were increased to \$2,000,000 annually.

The signs, therefore, are clear. Douglas' appeal in the coming election will be pitched not to the Socialists but to a much broader portion of the electorate—the so-called "small l" liberals. Social welfare and health—the NDP calls for a comprehensive national health plan—higher pensions, a break for low income taxpayers will be NDP talking points. Instead of socialism, economic planning will be the catchword.

The old-line parties, busy pointing to each other as the most likely to suffer from NDP inroads, seem to be undecided as to the showing the new party will make. Too many unknowns make up the equation at this time when the federal vote is believed to be still eight or nine months away. It is probable that the uneasiness of the other parties will grow when Douglas begins his campaigning.

The impact of his personality, somewhat distorted by television appearances during the convention, still must be felt by the bulk of Canadians. His whistle-stop appearances in the months to come, his appeal to both average and intellectual classes, his dynamic direction of the party's policies when he is freed from his provincial responsibilities will surely enhance NDP chances, especially since his program is no more Socialist, apparently, than the bulk of the old-line party platforms.



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SATURDAY NIGHT

Autumn Book Reviews

Men Making a Nation

by D. J. Goodspeed

EVEN AMONG reasonably well-read Canadians there is often a feeling that nothing very dramatic has happened in Canadian history since 1759. It sometimes seems, indeed, that we tend to take an obscure pride in this, to equate stolidity with virtue, and to regard the more adventurous French epoch with a certain Anglo-Saxon superiority.

In this view, romance went out with the *coureurs de bois*, the Jesuit martyrs, and the heroes of the Long Sault. After the Battle of the Plains of Abraham no sounds broke our stillness except the faint humming of the well-oiled grooves of change and the dry rustle of turning law-book leaves as freedom slowly broadened down from dull precedent to dull precedent.

And — so the legend goes — although all this constitutional process was doubtless a good thing, it was about as interesting as the price of pork and almost as depressing as Hansard.

Fortunately, in a new book by Ralph Allen, *Ordeal by Fire*, we have a conclusive refutation of this opinion. Allen writes of the years between 1910 and 1945 and takes as his theme the changes in Canadian life caused by the two world wars, but *Ordeal by Fire* is as dramatic as *The Guns of Navarone* and, unless I miss my guess, will be almost as popular as Coca Cola.

It is high time someone wrote a book like this. We have been too long fixed in the belief that nothing significant ever happens here, and Emerson's old complaint that his countrymen had "listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe" is surely more true of Canada than it ever was of the United States.

We have listened too subserviently as well, with our ears cocked for the snicker which would show us we were making too much of ourselves. We have listened in fear and trembling, lest we should be patronized, lest we

should appear ridiculous. And the result, on the whole, has been a Canadian history as dry as dust and as timid as a rabbit.

Although *Ordeal by Fire* is undeniably a book of Canadian history (and a reasonably accurate one, without serious omissions), it has succeeded, where so many Canadian histories have failed, in making its people three-dimensional and its events vivid.

This, of course, is easy enough for Allen to do when the subject is inherently dramatic, when he writes of the gas attack at Second Ypres, rum-running in the 1920s, the Winnipeg general strike, or the tragic beaches of Dieppe. Allen's achievement is that he has been able to sustain the suspense even when he is writing about Laurier's naval bill, the early life of Mackenzie King, the tariff, or the rise and fall of the Progressive Party.

It will probably be argued that, although this is Allen's great strength, it is also his greatest weakness, that he has been just a little too persistent in seeking out the vivid and the dramatic, that he has been like the newspaper reporter who crowds all the human interest into the lead paragraph, and that, while this makes his book extremely readable, it also distorts the relative value of events.

I, for one, cannot agree with so sour a view. The scent the historian should follow is the smell of man, and man is

by no means the stodgy, unemotional creature that many Canadian scholars have been so fond of making him. The scope of Allen's book roughly coincides with the author's own lifetime, and here we have an account of how the events of that lifetime appear to one intelligent Canadian.

Such a book loses, of course, all the advantages of hindsight, the knowledge of how things finally turned out, the judgments confirmed by time. But it has, in compensation, the flavor of the period, the detail that is lost in long retrospect, and the touch of reality.

A procession of Canadians march across Allen's pages, as varied and as individual as the men and women in Chaucer: the deadly-tongued Bourassas, Laurier with his silver mane, the gentle Borden, Sir Sam Hughes "who would have had the utmost difficulty in passing a standard medical test for sanity," the hawk-like Meighen, the pudgy enigma that was Mackenzie King.

(Allen, although to my mind he never does full justice to King, seems to suspect that the enigma may have concealed a real mystery, perhaps even a real genius.)

In any case, Allen is at his best when describing the political struggles of these years, in Parliament or on the hustings, and his narrative is continually flavored and made the more palatable with the sharp salt of irony.

Yet nowhere else perhaps does this book reach quite the peak it attains when Allen describes the years of the depression. Here he writes with compassion, and with that barely suppressed anger that is never far removed from compassion:

"And there was no job so miserable or ill paid that someone couldn't be found who would be glad to take it. The most vulnerable point in the whole conscienceless edifice was the worker's bench, where thousands of women and children were drawing far less than the minimum wage and working far longer than the maximum hours. Enforcing the wage-and-hours laws was almost as difficult as enforcing the Volstead Act in the United States.

"Policing whole industries, many of



Ralph Allen: Sustained suspense.

them, like the needle trades, full of tiny hole-in-the-wall factories, was impossible. And even when a sweat-shop proprietor was caught barehanded, his employees were reluctant to testify against him for fear of losing their jobs."

Compassion and intelligence, indeed, are the distinguishing marks of *Ordeal by Fire*. And if sometimes (as in the rather uncritical appraisal of James Woodsworth) the compassion tends, ever so slightly, to blur the intelligence, this is a venial fault.

A good deal of the book, naturally enough, is taken up with war, and here perhaps Allen is less successful than when he deals with political, social, or economic matters. He is still good, mind you, but the difficulty, I think, is in deciding at what level this military history should be written.

In a necessarily compressed account, an author can give a broad panoramic view of strategy, describing, as it were, the movement of pins on the map or of models on the sand table. Or, alternately, he can treat the action from the point of view of the individual soldier, showing us the wind-swept dyke, the flooded polder, the little ridge half a mile away that looms like the end of the world because it is the battalion's objective. It is extremely hard to do both in a few short chapters, and when Allen attempts this he does not quite bring it off.

In this section, too, there are some minor inaccuracies. (An infantry division had nine battalions, not three; and the number of Canadian prisoners lost at Dieppe was nearly, but not quite, equal to the number lost in North-West Europe in 1944 and 1945.) One omission is unfortunate in any Canadian account of the Second World War — the author says nothing about the massing of troops on the West Coast after Pearl Harbor.

It could be wished, too, that rather more had been said of Canada's phenomenal industrial growth between 1940 and 1945, for this was in its way almost more momentous than even the splendid war effort of the Services. During those years Canada's industrial revolution was virtually completed; heavy industries were developed; research made great strides; and all this — for both good and ill — left its durable imprint upon Canadian life.

All these criticisms, however, are little more than quibbles, cavils, and captious objections. *Ordeal by Fire* is a good book, an enjoyable book, and a book which captures and transmits the authentic spirit of the decades with which it deals.

Ordeal by Fire, by Ralph Allen — Doubleday—\$6.00.

Some Saints and Sinners

by Kildare Dobbs

THERE ARE BOOKS that speak to us with an inwardness, a radiance, a force that changes the world for us. Every school-girl knows (schoolboys, alas, cannot in our culture honorably allow themselves to know anything) how Keats felt on first looking into Chapman's translation of Homer.

It was like that with me when in my seventeenth year I encountered Grier-son's great edition of Donne: later on Grier-son himself (God be good to him) was to assure me that, though he did say it himself, I was far from being alone in my enthusiasm. Since then there have been other books: Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, Lowry's *Under the Volcano* etc.

And, of course, J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*.

Salinger's third book *Franny and Zooey*, comprising two closely-related stories about the youngest members of the Glass family, has moved him from the pages of the *New Yorker* onto the cover of *Time*.

Resorting to "the aesthetic evil of a footnote", he explains that there are seven Glass children, of whom only two are seen and heard in this book, though the remaining five — particularly Seymour, the eldest, the suicide whom the rest of the family (and Salinger) regard as a saint, and Buddy, the second eldest, who narrates *Zooey* — make their absence felt.

Like their creator disputatious as that conjunction of the Jesuitical and chassidic would suggest, the Glasses are half Irish, half Jewish. They are a queer lot, with more than a family resemblance to one another and to Holden Caulfield, hero of *The Catcher in the Rye*. Prodigies all and radio veterans of a show called *It's a Wise Child* they have one foot in show business (the parents are old Vaudeville artists and both Franny and Zooey are actors) another in the Ivy league.

Their *things* come straight from the ad columns of the *New Yorker* between which these stories originally appeared; I note at random from the opening pages of *Franny*: one Burberry raincoat with wool liner, one maroon cashmere muffler, one letter on pale blue note-paper, one camel's hair coat with lip-stick streak, one sheared raccoon coat, one "really darling little iron that looked like it went with a doll house". Franny Glass herself, however, is expressly "not too categorically cashmere sweater and flannel skirt".

The other thing about the Glasses is that they desperately want to love their non-Glass fellowmen but find it extraordinarily difficult, so astutely and with such anguish do they recognize universal phoniness. What ails them is the world; to cope with it they've devised their own religion of love, a live-better-eclectically amalgam of Christian heresy, yogi-bogey mysticism and Great Thoughts of the sages and ages.

The novel presents Franny's spiritual breakdown. In *Franny* we see her dining with Lane Coutell, a ghastly, self-satisfied Jet Set beau she's visiting for the weekend of the Yale game. It's unfortunate that she's trying to force herself to love this particular undergraduate: no intelligent young woman, we feel, could succeed, but her failure brings on the crisis.

Zooey Buddy Glass tells, in his circumstantial way, how Franny goes home and throws her mother into a *state* by attempting to turn herself into a saint. It's Zooey who coaxes Franny out of her obsession by showing her a way to love: the trick is to see everyone as Christ.

Now all this is brought to life with such extraordinary perception, such superb ironic style, such a sensitive rendering of spiritual *nuance* — and moreover is so vivid and *funny* — that it matters very much to us; it positively hurts us to perceive that Salinger has got it wrong. It's not religion and the mention of God which offends. Buddy Glass, it's true, seems to think that that is the danger and that "any immediate further professional use on my part of the word 'God', except as a familiar, healthy American expletive, will be taken — or, rather, confirmed — as the very worst kind of name-dropping. . ." It's not that at all.

What's wrong is that the image of love we're shown is not much better than sentimental. It's a gentle, reciprocal affection, curiously *unambivalent*, of children for mother and for one another. The only thing any Glass — or Salinger for that matter — gets really excited about is little girls.

We'll — thank heaven for little girls, but doesn't it all approach uncomfortably close to the prevailing obsession of Humbert Humbert? So that although *Franny and Zooey* is far and away the most haunting fiction I've read in many a long month, it gives me no pleasure at all, as a Salinger fan, to discover that my idol has feet of Glass.

Reading Alan Sillitoe's new novel, a big shaggy story of struggle for life in the working-class slums of Nottingham, it strikes me that the Glasses are lucky to have the means to support their well-heeled spiritual crises. As for miracles, the survival of a shining talent like Sillitoe's from such crushing poverty is miracle enough.

Key to the Door is his third novel. In his first, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, he did not write a new kind of fiction but he did bring into fiction a new kind of milieu. "We are the people of England and we have not spoken yet," sang Chesterton. In *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* their voice was unmistakable.

Sillitoe's second novel, *The General*, described as a philosophical thriller, seems to me to have been an aberration, more philosophical than thrilling and not particularly impressive as philosophy. A made-up story, it read like an attempt at something like Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* but without Koestler's experience and rigorous intelligence.

In *Key to the Door*, returning to the background and method of his first novel, Sillitoe more adequately expresses the social anarchism which is the faith by which the English working-class (probably a vanishing race) live. ("If you think I'm patriotic," Brian said, "you've got another thought coming. I'm hungry. Let's go down and see if we can't snatch summat to eat.")

With marvellous warmth, vitality and matter-of-fact good humor we're shown the childhood and coming of age of young Brian Seaton in a world of midnight flits to evade rent, violence, foul language and near-starvation. It's a world of unemployed and drunken husbands, nagging wives and coarse pleasures, yet in which love and private loyalties surprisingly and heroically endure.

Brian is too young for the war, but when he's called up and sent to Malaya his self awareness is awakened by a love affair with Mimi, a Chinese girl, skillfully contrasted with his courtship and marriage back in Nottingham. The novel's climax comes when, caught in a Communist ambush, he faces the issues of the world head on.

No hymn to capitalist democracy, *Key to the Door* should be required reading before we all blow ourselves up in the service of unexamined ideals.

I can't think of any journalistic "bridge" that could possibly connect either of the two novels I've been discussing with William Weintraub's hilarious satire of the Montreal newspaper world. *Why Rock the Boat* isn't "sober lunacy" as its blurb says, though it's everything else claimed for it. It's above all sane, and makes its comic effect by

telling the story almost straight.

"The other Montreal papers occasionally ran stories that were quite absorbing, but the *Witness* was beyond that. And Witnessmen were proud of the massive boredom their paper was able to achieve; there was a certain grandeur about it that only professionals could fully appreciate." Walter O'Hearne, reviewing Weintraub in an actual Montreal newspaper, judges that that misses its mark. Really? But then Mr. O'Hearne said the same thing about Brian Moore's *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*.

Since Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* every bright boy in Canadian newspapers and advertising has been trying to write this book. I know, because as a publisher's editor I've read dozens of attempts. If you were nasty you might

say they hoped to demonstrate their superiority to it all. (I myself am sometimes nasty.)

William Weintraub has the wit, the intelligence, the talent to turn a sentence — all the equipment, in fact, to write comic satire. And in the Canadian newspaper business, with its almost rococo wealth of human folly and dullness, he has found a subject worthy of him. Weintraub really is superior to it all.

Franny and Zooey, by J. D. Salinger—Little, Brown — \$4.75.

Key to the Door, by Alan Sillitoe — Longmans, Green—\$3.75.

Why Rock the Boat, by William Weintraub—Little, Brown—\$4.75.

A Pragmatist's Policy for Canada

by Kenneth McNaught

THIS COLLECTION of essays by Professor Eayrs of the Political Science Department, University of Toronto, ranges very widely over the field of Canada's External Relations. It includes an original research piece based on the Mackenzie King papers and dealing with our first diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia, but the bulk of the volume consists of talks, articles and editorials prepared by the author over the past four or five years.

The concern of most of the essays is to define, as precisely as possible, the problem of defence, security and influence faced by Canada in the Cold War era and to evaluate the methods, actual and proposed, of dealing with those problems. Since Mr. Eayrs is a gifted prose stylist and also a distinguished scholar in the field the result is a book which cannot fail both to stimulate and inform its readers.

This is not to say that the assumptions and arguments are beyond controversy. The author, in the fashion of George Kennan (possibly the early Kennan) attempts to stick to the hardest possible realism in his analysis of events and policies. He believes that most of the neutralist and ban-the-bomb talk in Canada is the result of slipshod or emotional thinking (or even of no thinking at all).

His is a world in which military might is the only reliable tool in the diplomatic armory. His method is that of the pragmatic liberal, deeply informed by individualist concepts, but guided by the overwhelming fact of Communist world goals which necessitate a very skeptical assessment of Canada's

individual influence and power.

His discussion of our relationship to the spread and ownership of nuclear weapons cuts scathingly through much of the contemporary compromising on that question and he does not flinch from the logical conclusions flowing from his own premises about power. If we believe, he argues, that our security rests upon the deterrent power then to wish to limit that power in any way is foolish; we should throw Canadian territory and resources wide open to American use in any case where this might strengthen the American deterrent.

At base Eayrs' policy principles are simple. They exclude religious purpose, they exclude political doctrine. They are, in short, the conservative principles of caution which lead him to ask the question "What's wrong with an old-fashioned military alliance" if that alliance can keep us "on an even keel"? These principles, nevertheless can lead him to positions which may startle the real conservative, as when he states:

"The Secretary-Generalship of the United Nations, in the form endorsed by the Charter and as conceived by the present incumbent, is an office incompatible with contemporary international relations."

His reasons for this statement are the same as those advanced by Khrushchov. They are the reasons selected, inevitably, by anyone who is devoted to the art of the possible.

Northern Approaches: Canada and the Search for Peace, by James Eayrs—Macmillan—\$4.25.

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Soldier, Man and Gentle Man

by Arnold Edinborough

AN OFFICER of the old Indian Army (i.e. the British Army permanently stationed in India) was required to be a gentleman. He must hunt, shoot and fish. He moved into summer mountain quarters, had several house servants as well as his personal servant (provided and paid for by the army) and when he retired, full of years, gin and curry to a small house in England he often yearned as much for the keen air of the North West Frontier as for the comparative opulence of that former Indian existence.

The growth of such an officer from school to junior command was the subject of John Masters' book *Bugles and a Tiger*, a chapter of autobiography which to many seemed, and still seems, the best of all his books, not excluding the *Night Runners of Bengal* and *Bowhan Junction*. Now he has matched that first section with a second one just as good. *The Road Past Mandalay* takes us from the beginning of the war, which he faced as a captain-adjutant in the confused fighting against the French in Asia Minor to the end in Asia where he commanded, for one whole operation, a brigade and, for one glorious day, a division.

That he was a good officer and a somewhat colorful gentleman is clear from both books. But it is his emergence as a rich warm human being which fascinates the reader. For here, as a counterpoint to the savage struggles of the Chindits in Burma against both the jungle and the Japs, is the tactful and tasteful revelation of his passion for a married woman who first conceives his child, then divorces her husband and finally marries him.

Such an emotional upset might have caused Masters to write about it either defensively or, in its literal sense, offensively. But he merely chronicles the fact, fits the affair into the cosmic scheme of World War II and gives us the warm assurance at the end of *The Road* that they both lived happily ever after.

Yet it is the war, not love, which dominates *The Road Past Mandalay* — the war fought by the Indian Army which was mainly in the Middle East under Wavell and Montgomery or in Burma under Orde Wingate and Bill Slim. The Middle East contingent made Eighth Army headlines. But the Fourteenth Army made up of Gurkhas, Sikhs, Madrassis, Pathans and other entirely professional Indian soldiers was,

even by its own publicists, known as the Forgotten Army.

In Italy the tanks swept into Rome just as they had swept through the Mareth and El Alamein lines. In Burma there were no such heroics on a grand scale; it was a messy advance from tree to tree, no line of communication open for wounded to get out, mud up to the thighs, leeches in the rivers, mosquitoes and flies in the bush. It was a bloody hand-to-hand winking out of individual Japs who, when the road to Mandalay was finally forced, sat in slit trenches with 250 lb. bombs between their knees, exploding them with a stone when the British tanks rolled over them.

Masters writes of all this with a sureness of touch, an uncanny balance between the humor of the events and the horror — the sheer naked horror of stretchers filled with men without legs or stomachs or faces who have to be shot by officers to save them the further agony of being carried out over ground "densely covered with jungle, tall trees and thick scrub" where "no-one could move more than one slow foot at a time, sliding back, trying again, holding onto a tree with one arm, firing his weapon one-handed with the other."

As G.2 division, then commander of one of Wingate's independent columns behind the Jap lines, Masters knows the overall picture as well as the immediate hell of his own position. From such knowledge he makes some pithy comments on Vinegar Joe Stillwell — a disastrous commander — and a wise assessment of both General Slim and



Regimental Badge: IVth Gurkhas.

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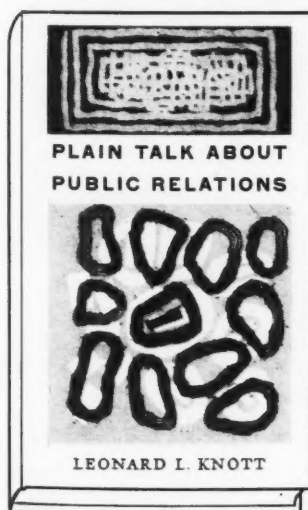
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At the end, Masters says that "The road from Josimath (where he heard of the A-bomb and the Jap surrender) to the Diamond G Ranch, from English soldier to American author, has been as eventful and as important, at least to me and mine, as the road from Deir-er-Zor to Josimath. Some day I hope to describe it."

As far as I'm concerned, he can't start too soon.

The Road Past Mandalay, by John Masters—*Musson*—\$5.00.

Witch's Brew

DURING THE EARLY thirties, the Lindbergh kidnapping case seemed to unroll, week after week, like some fearful documentary, and no one was given a chance to overlook a single one of its grotesque and horrifying details — the press saw to that.

No newspaper story before or since has bristled with so many arresting angles — the gangland threat, the international plot threat, the involvement of famous figures, some pertinent, some merely antic, the running interference of politics, and under the constantly shifting extravaganza, the simple human anguish of Charles and Anne Lindbergh.

Since then, so many events have crowded on the human scene that the Lindbergh kidnapping case now seems almost as remote and historical as the murder of the little princes in the Tower. Was Bruno Richard Hauptmann solely responsible for the kidnapping and murder of Charles Lindbergh Jr?

Was the kidnapping an inside job, and if not, how account for the suicide of Violet Sharpe, the Morrow housemaid? What was the real story of the mysterious Isidor Fisch? There seem to be no final answers to these questions. Today, comparatively few people remember even the questions.

In *Kidnap* George Waller has recreated the story of the kidnapping as it emerged in print over four years; and a fine witch's brew of crime, inhumanity, political opportunism and sheer lunacy it turns out to be. The author, who was majoring in journalism in 1932, was fascinated by the



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story's strange ramifications and followed it closely during the long period when it occupied the front pages of the nation; i.e., from March 1 of that year when the Lindbergh baby was stolen until April 2, 1936, when Bruno Richard Hauptmann was executed for the crime.

Now, after a quarter of a century's further research, the author has assembled the complete record, trusting largely to the order of events to give his chaotic material form and drama. As it works out, the record reads curiously like some nineteenth century novel, with half a dozen stories paralleling and sometimes dramatically intersecting the main narrative.

The story of John F. Condon, that high-minded and tirelessly active elderly bore, better known as Jafsie. The story of confidence man Gaston B. Means, who took advantage of the underworld rumors to rook Evalyn Walsh MacLean of \$100,000. The famous story of the reconstruction of the kidnap ladder, from broken pieces left on the Lindbergh grounds. The even more sensational story of the reconstruction of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, largely from odds and ends of evidence and Freudian deduction.

It would be hard to find a more absorbing narrative, or a more tragic record of human greed, savagery and anguish. M.L.R.

Kidnap, by George Waller — S. J. Reginald Saunders — \$7.50.

Love and Sacrifice

MISSIONARIES are having a poor time these days. The "lesser breeds without the law" are making their own laws and kicking the whites out of their territory. The white man's burden having been lifted by the black man's freedom, the Christian church has had to admit that it made no great inroads in 100 years in India and has lost much of its former influence in Africa where Islam is making converts eight times as quickly as Christianity.

This overall view, however, can't deny the self sacrifice, dedication and faith of individual missionaries still, in their thousands, working all over the globe.

In *The Savage My Kinsmen* Elisabeth Elliot tells of her own experiences in Eastern Ecuador where the Aucas still live a primitive jungle existence.

Elisabeth Elliot's introduction to the tribe was shattering. They killed her husband and four other missionaries. Such an act by the Indians meant to Mrs. Elliot that she must go herself to these same Indians to teach them the doctrine of love and forgiveness.

But she learned as much as she was

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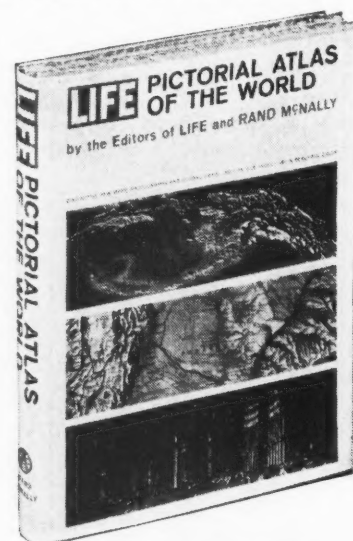
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able to teach. In fact, the gradual extension of her own personality and her new assessment of her own faith gives this book its particular sparkle. As she concludes: "The lucid recognition of the Auca as my kinsmen was at the same time a new acknowledgement of Jesus Christ, of our common need of Him".

Her story is illustrated by some astonishingly good photographs, both in color and black and white. L.S.

The Savage My Kinsman, by Elisabeth Elliot — *Musson* — \$5.95.

Brightening the News

ROY THOMSON may make more money out of his newspaper holdings in the United Kingdom, but it is unlikely that he will have the same explosive effect on news as his Canadian forerunner in the British press, Lord Beaverbrook.

Beaverbrook, like the other press barons of the early twentieth century, was interested in influence—an influence secured by mingling with the great and manipulating the mass.

But no publisher is any good without an editor and in Arthur Christiansen Beaverbrook found a man exactly to his taste. Born to a working class family in Lancashire, Christiansen was, from his earliest days, determined to be "an author". At the age of 12 he contributed half-crown paragraphs to the *Liverpool Echo* and at the age of 16 (July 1920) he became a reporter on the *Wallasey and Wirral Chronicle*.

Headlines All My Life is, therefore, a fairly accurate description of Christiansen's career from the *Wallasey and Wirral Chronicle* up through the editorship of the *Daily Express* 13 years later, to his retirement four years ago.

But it is what is behind the headlines which makes this book an absorbing study. Christiansen is obviously a man of enormous talent, of extraordinary energy and demonic drive.

It was his purpose as an editor to make the news so lively that all the down-trodden people living in the mean streets of England's industrial north would want to read it. This meant the creation of star reporters and feature writers, the expenditure of enormous sums of money to get all the talent in Britain on his paper and the constant drumming of his purpose into the heads and copy of even the cub reporters.

The *Express* rose, under his editorship from a circulation of 2,000,000 to 4,000,000, which makes it clear that he succeeded. And when he retired, the staff presented him with two photographs: "one showed the mean streets of Derby taken from the rooftops, the other showed Rhyl Promenade on a wet day".

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LONGMANS

This, for Christiansen, showed how well his philosophy had been absorbed by his staff, a philosophy he expressed thus:

"the people who lived . . . in row after row in identical boxes were newspaper readers, and every word that appeared in, at any rate, *my* newspaper must be clear and comprehensible to them, must be interesting to them, must encourage them to break away from littleness, stimulate their ambition, help them to want to build a better land".

Through a life on the end of a telephone (often with Beaverbrook on the other end) he achieved that interest. He didn't, however, achieve the comprehension. Almost everything that Beaverbrook has argued for editorially, through Christiansen, has been rejected by the people of Great Britain. That is why nowadays the figure of the crusader which appears on the front page, appears in chains—shackled by the wrong-headedness of everyone but Beaverbrook (and Christiansen). A.E.

Headlines All My Life, by Arthur Christiansen—*British Book Service*—\$5.75.

Shadow of the Raj

The Yellow Scarf, An account of Thuggee and its Suppression proclaims the outside cover. *This book is the biography of Major-General Sir William Henry Sleeman* reveals the inside cover. The latter is the accurate description of the book.

This is unfortunate since the story of Thuggee, a Mafia-like religious guild dedicated to the strangulation and robbery of travellers, would have been a very interesting one. But the story of "Thuggee" Sleeman, the man who destroyed this cult which had existed for some five hundred years, is the uninteresting record of a good British administrator in India. It is, as told by Sir Francis Tuka, the biography of a nineteenth century military man written in nineteenth century military prose.

"Let those be the last words of this man . . . who stood positively and squarely for the decent things of life." "It is good to look back to a country and an age where a sterling personality could so decisively prevail."

With such an uncritical and complete acceptance of his subject's aims, achievements and values, the book is inevitably a shallow eulogy, interspersed with large chunks of Sleeman's diary and occasional glimpses of his private life as if to reassure readers that even middle class Victorians had private lives, although they were merely extensions of their public attitudes.

The Yellow Scarf by Sir Francis Tuka — Dent — \$5.00. R.T.C.W.

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An encyclopedic account of the American cowboy which details everything about him: his personal habits, his attitudes, his job, his unwritten code of conduct. The authentic lilt of the cowboy lingo gives an intimate touch to this documentary. \$7.50

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Pocket Invasion

NATHANIEL BENCHLEY's novel, *The Off-Islanders*, is a comedy with farcical overtones and has to do with mock-war between the crew of a Soviet submarine and the residents of an island off the coast of Cape Cod.

The Soviet submarine captain, having stranded his craft on a sandbar while mapping the ocean bottom off the Cape, sends his men ashore to commandeer a motor-boat; and to the startled and belligerent islanders the landing-party soon takes on the proportions of a full-scale invasion.

There is a good deal of fierce and stealthy skirmishing, and the climactic battle on the town dump, with old toilet-seats, picture frames and used storage batteries as projectiles has the wild improvisation of early cinema. The author knows his dour and insular Cape Cod defenders at first hand, and they are often very funny.

He is less successful with his invaders, who are stock models, spouting the kind of Soviet ideology which, in its original form, is its own best parody, and pretty dull at best. Author Benchley hacks away heartily at his theme, but at this stage of the cold war the lampoon as a weapon is about as effective as a rubber switch-blade. M.L.R.

The Off-Islanders, by Nathaniel Benchley — McGraw-Hill — \$5.25.

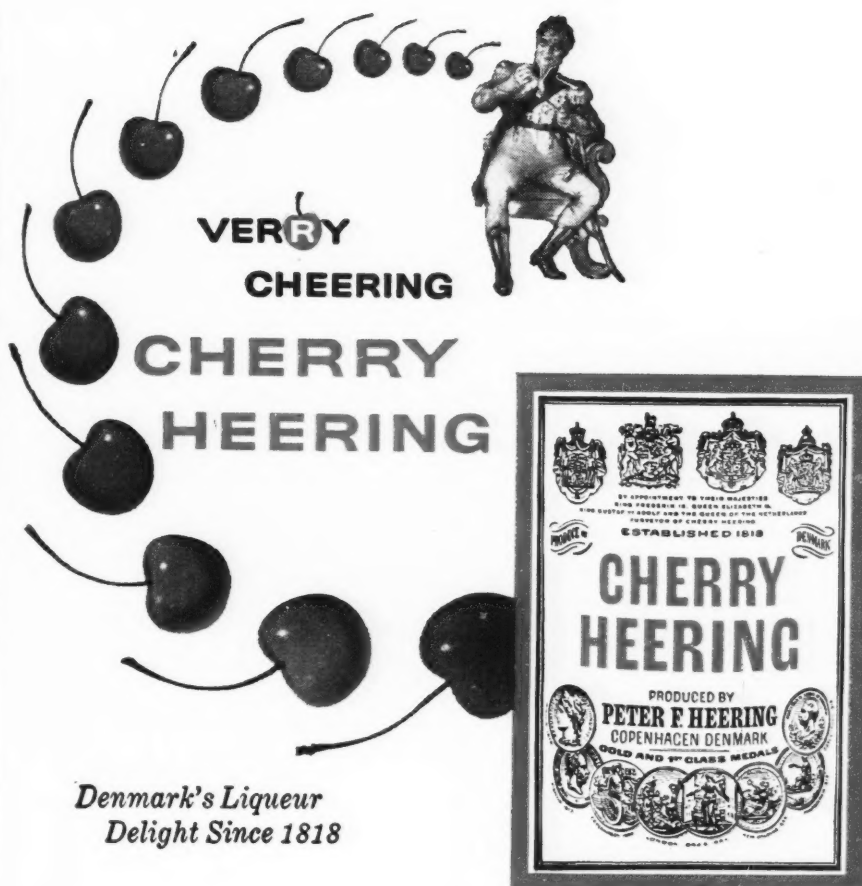
Weary Word Games

ANY FOOL CAN bolster his false courage by laughing at death. Only a very brave man can laugh at life. Yet James Thurber has been doing it ever since he found that Ross of the *New Yorker* was not real but something that his generation had invented.

Lanterns and Lances is the latest collection of his inspired comments on the daily desperation of all our lives. He starts right off on the first page with a long letter to a woman who asks "How do you get through the day?" It is merely a matter, says Thurber, of having rules and sticking to them.

Rule one is: "Never answer a telephone that rings before breakfast." Rule two is "do not read the front page, or any page, of the morning newspaper." Rule three: "Avoid the ten o'clock news" and rule four: "Do not open the morning mail when it arrives if you are alone in the house."

After some exclusive advice he comes to rule eight which "brings us to beddy-bye. Well, good night, and I pray the Lord your soul to keep. My own nocturnal problem in the summer-time consists of flying creatures, great big June bugs, or bang-sashes. One of



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them banged the sash of the window nearest my bed around midnight in July, and I leaped out of sleep and out of bed. 'It's just a bat' said my wife reassuringly, and I sighed with relief. 'Thank God for that', I said. 'I thought it was a human being.'"

Actually though, Thurber's nocturnal problem is not only bang-sashes. It is insomnia. And in order to fill those long grey hours between 3 and 8 a.m. he has invented word games. One of these consists of finding word clusters all beginning with the same letter and with the same quality.

"Most of the characters in B . . . murder sleep: the bugler, braggart, blowhard, blatherskite, barber, bowler" and so on. Then there are the double clusters: *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Pippa Passes*, *Pied Piper* down to "pretty please, party politics, pip-pip, pawpaw, papa and the awful like".

And there let me warn you. Thurber may not, like Macbeth, murder sleep, but if you let his word games get you he can thwart thlumber. Worse, he distracts you so that it takes you several nights to finish his book, which, if not so engrossing, is at least more profitable in the long run. A.E.

Lanterns and Lances, by James Thurber
—Mussou—\$3.95

Odd Woman Out

THE WORLD OF women without men—the unmarried, the widows, the unfulfilled, the cloistered and unloved—is a special one, so celibate and set apart from common experience that writers tend to neglect or ignore it.

There is a certain novelty therefore in Genevieve Gennari's *The Other Woman I Am*, the record of a French woman's early years of widowhood. This amusing and lovely novel illuminates the rather desolate landscape so clearly that many readers will have the sense of seeing it vividly, unforgettably, and for almost the first time.

The story, written in diary form, traces the life and emotions of Sylvestre Fontain, an intelligent and sensitive French woman who is abruptly widowed at the age of forty. The marriage, outwardly serene, had not been a happy one, and the story in the early stages painfully fingers the memories that bring a sense of guilt rather than of grief, of solitude and exclusion rather than of bereavement.

"Back in the time when I contemplated the problem from the outside," the heroine writes, "from the heaven of security that (God forgive me) I found dismal, I had some vague notion that it was the same thing to be a single woman and to be a free woman. But it

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is not at all the same thing. No, I do not feel free. I only feel alone."

A lifelong progressive, she now discovers to her naive astonishment that the new woman of today, like the oldest woman in history, "belongs" only as part of a pair.

There is Paule, the forty-seven year-old Professor of Philosophy who haunts the marriage exchanges; Elaine, her fellow secretary, who longs only for "someone who will be fond of me and doesn't drink"; Alexandrine, the ex-nun who swallows a massive dose of sleeping pills because "men draw away as though she had a cross tattooed on each cheek"; Irana, her closest friend, a divorcee who is prepared to travel half-way round the world for a brief weekend with the man she loves.

In time Sylvestre steadies from the shock of these recognitions and comes to realize that freedom is still worth the price, even if it involves the surrender of a secure marriage and her possessive love of her only son, Jean Christophe.

"True courage," she writes at the last, "... is receiving the world's great currents without an intermediary ... And if there comes to us a companion promised each of us by Nature and the Word, then he will grasp a free hand, he will enter an open heart, he will possess a conscious loving flesh."

M.L.R.

The Other Woman I Am, by Genevieve Gennari—*Musson*—\$3.75.

Elegant Forms

LEONARD COHEN is the best young poet in Canada. He has energy, a zest for life and a lack of inhibition which parallels anything that Irving Layton ever showed. In addition to this, however, Cohen also has an artistic restraint and a selectivity in his work much superior to that of Layton.

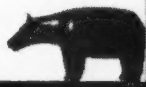
He relies to a great extent on biblical reference in the Jewish tradition and this gives a solid body and texture to his poems which makes you come back to him time and again.

His immensely careful yet flowing line is matched by a sharpness and brilliance of imagery which is totally refreshing.

The Spice-Box Of Earth, designed by Frank Newfeld, is also a pleasure to look at. McClelland & Stewart are to be commended on their energy in getting the papermaker, the printer and the publisher to collaborate to give fine verse such an elegant form. A.E.

The Spice-Box of Earth, by Leonard Cohen — *McClelland & Stewart* — paper edition \$1.50 — Cloth \$3.00.

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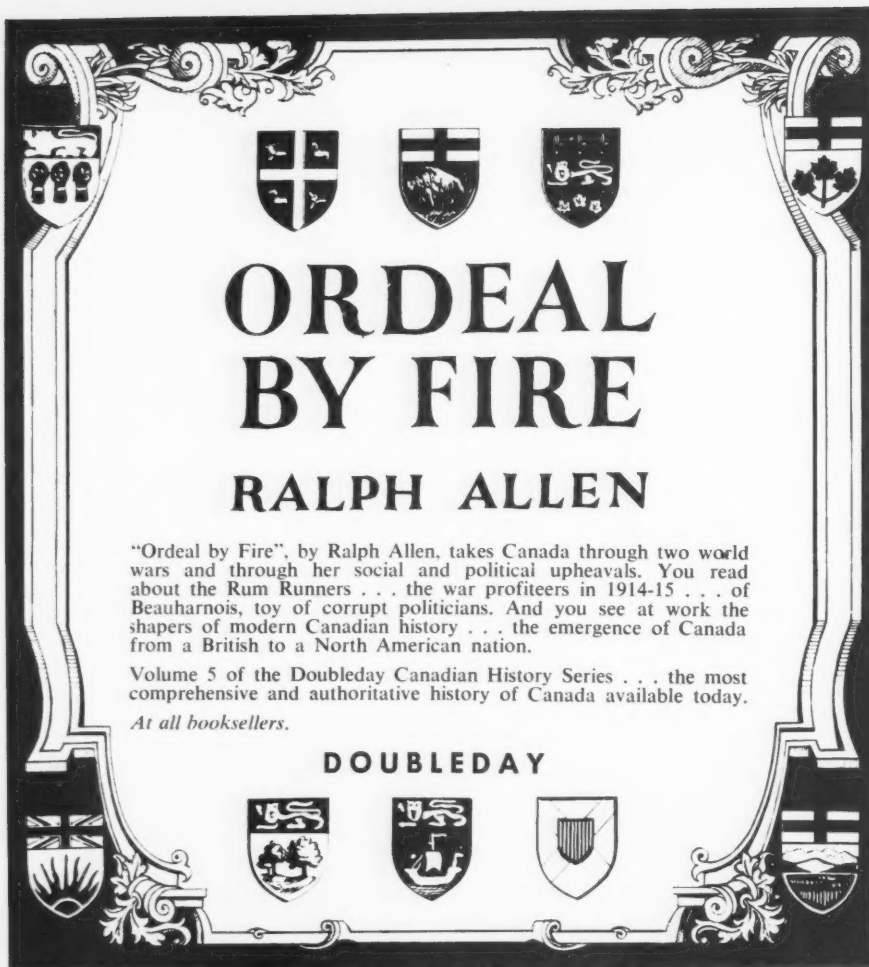
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Crying Uncle

MANY AN ENGLISH school boy learned more history from *1066 and All That* than he did from Trevelyan's history of England and all *that*. Maybe the Canadian school boy will benefit as greatly from *Say, Uncle*, a zany collaboration on "a completely uncalled-for History of the U.S." by Eric Nicol and Peter Whalley.

It is brash, bright and funny. And the only way to describe it is to quote it.

About dates:

"American history is more difficult to remember than British history because British history is marked off by monarchs . . . It is a reasonably simple matter to remember that Charles II followed Charles I (sooner or later). But there is no way of knowing whether President Jackson came before or after President Johnson, or if they were actually one and the same man".

About French colonisation:

"The French also discovered New Orleans. At that time there was no jazz in New Orleans because the French were still Vieux Carrés, or Old Squares."

About the Puritans:

"Pleasure seekers were put in stocks. Backsliders were put in bonds. In fact so many sinners went into stocks and bonds that it was necessary to found the New York Stock Exchange."

About the Constitution:

"Once they had won the right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, Americans went after what they really wanted: Money."

About reconstruction:

"In a desperate attempt to recapture some of the color of Abraham Lincoln, President James A. Garfield managed to be assassinated, but he still failed to catch on."

The drawings are in Whalley's inimitable style and are even funnier than the text. We can't quote them. You'll just have to buy the book. A.E.

Say, Uncle, by Eric Nicol and Peter Whalley — Ryerson — \$2.25.

Outlandish Gentry

THE IDIOM of the English gentry is perhaps wholly intelligible only to itself, but outsiders, particularly if they have the gift of satire, can rarely resist taking a crack at translation. The version presented by Honor Tracy in *Season of Mists* is acid, irreverent, and often wildly antic.

The chief subject of her observations is Ninian LaTouche, a wealth art connoisseur and hedonist who lives in a world of happy self-delusion. At the age of fifty-five, Ninian falls in love



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Sir Richard Livingstone

The death of Sir Richard Livingstone in December 1960 brought to a close a long and active life as scholar, teacher, university administrator and international lecturer on education and its role in the modern world.

Sir Richard travelled and lectured extensively in Canada, and his influence has been felt throughout the country.

The Rainbow Bridge contains a selection of Sir Richard's essays on education over recent years. They display his lifelong concern for the essential values of a liberal education, for educational opportunity in a democratic society, for adult education as a continuing programme throughout life and, above all, for the pursuit of excellence.
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THE LIQUIDATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

C. E. Carrington, B.A., M.A.

As the first country to achieve responsible government within the Empire, Canada has played a special role in the evolution of the Commonwealth. Canadians will welcome this intelligent defence of the political tradition which they have helped to create.

Written by a Professor of British Commonwealth Relations at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, this clearly-written and thought-provoking book is based on the Harvey T. Reid Lectures on Current Affairs, the first of which was delivered at Acadia University in 1959 by Mr. Carrington.

A liberal and persuasive Commonwealth apologist, Mr. Carrington reaffirms what current fashion in political thought ignores: that British imperialism has been of considerable benefit to the world.
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CLARKE IRWIN



with his eighteen-year-old secretary, Mercy Fellowe, a kittenish girl who through sheer mischance and nervousness has identified one of his art treasures as a Dufy.

Mercy, whose ignorance of art and the proprieties is both witless and profound, dazzles her admirer to the point where he abandons his art gallery, gets himself jailed for reckless driving, then whisks off with his secretary to Spain, where, in the company of a group of expatriate London beatniks, he eventually recovers his dislocated sense of reality.

The hero's progress through these misadventures is observed with dismay by his fastidious twin, Violet, with delight by his acquaintance, Manley, an historian whose claim to being his own worst enemy is hotly disputed by everyone who knows him, and with unworldly indifference by his friend, Billy Box, an orchestra leader who is happily absorbed, when off the podium, in the hobby of releasing animals from research laboratories.

Author Tracy is endlessly inventive and if her inventions run to extravagance the extravagances, dead and dead-on, have the touch of the born caricaturist. No matter how outrageously her characters behave, her satire remains the art of the just barely possible.

M.L.R.

A Season of Mists, by Honor Tracy — Ryerson — \$3.25.

Cold Comfort

THERE ARE, perhaps, one or two white men who have spent longer in the Arctic than Peter Freuchen but almost certainly there are none who possess such a detailed knowledge of Eskimo life. From 1906, when some Eskimo tribes had not emerged from the Stone Age, down to his death in 1957 he travelled frequently and for long periods in the Arctic and for ten years he had been married to an Eskimo girl by whom he had two children.

His *Book of the Eskimos*, put together from his writings by his widow, is a pot pourri of information about the climate and the people, personal experiences, the historical background and stories of the North. The way of life which Freuchen describes is for the most part that of the Greenland Eskimos in the early part of the century and much of this information on Eskimo culture and customs, which have necessarily changed somewhat since, will be required reading for all students of the North.

But the most entertaining part of the book is undoubtedly the author's

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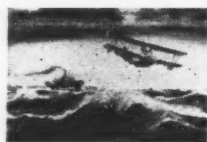
The Common Market is the biggest challenge to British Commonwealth policy since the Second World War. In analyzing the background and achievements of the Six, the author poses these questions:

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The author, in an overdue and uniquely authoritative counter-attack, declares unequivocally that the Hudson's Bay Co. has greatly mitigated the hardships of the Arctic and that the glamorous life which these writers mourn existed only in their own imaginations. R.T.C.W.

Book of the Eskimos, by Peter Freuchen
—Nelson, Foster & Scott—\$8.75.

The Spinning World

THE FIVE WORLDS OF OUR LIVES is an unpromising title, but the book that carries it is valuable. Put together by the editors of *Newsweek* and the cartographers of C. S. Hammond and Co., it is a picture history of the last one hundred years. The five worlds are: The World of Imperialism, The World of Idealism and Upheaval, The World of Dictators, The World of Nationalism and The World of Space.

It is difficult to think of anyone who wouldn't find this book enjoyable. People over 35 will get a thrill of recognition from looking at its pictures, people under 35 will have a history book that is documented by photographs.

This century has, in fact, seen so much upheaval and such fundamental changes in every continent that every reader will be astonished how recent some of those fundamental changes are. For example, it is not yet 50 years since Communism first came to power. Yet it now exerts its ruthless tyranny over nearly half the world. It is less than 20 years since Britain's empire was still the one on which the sun never set. Now her colonies are a handful of small backward tropical countries.

The attempts of man to get into space seem to be a frenetic attempt to leave the trouble of this world behind, however much we may rationalize this activity as a quest for scientific knowledge.

Design of the book is good, the pictures excellent, the maps and diagrams superb. L.S.

The Five Worlds of Our Lives by the editors of *Newsweek* and cartographers of C. S. Hammond & Co. — S. J. Reginald Saunders — \$12.95.



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Chess

by D. M. LeDain

THE 16-GAME MATCH between present USA champion Robert Fischer and past champion Samuel Reshevsky, ended when Fischer, in a dispute with the committee over starting time of the 12th game, refused to continue and the match was awarded to Reshevsky by forfeiture. The players were tied with 5½ points each at the time. Court action is threatened by both sides for breach of contract.

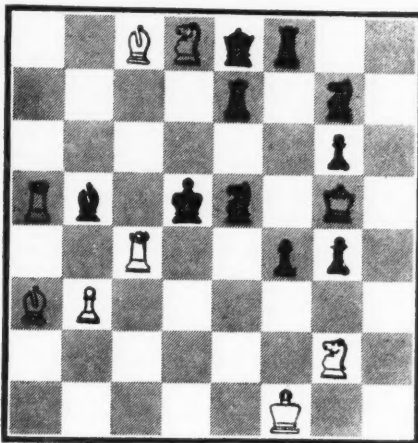
White: R. Fischer, Black: S. Reshevsky.
1.P-K4, P-QB4; 2.Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; 3. P-Q4, PxP; 4.KtxP, P-KKt3; 5.Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; 6.B-K3, Kt-B3; 7.B-K2, Castles; 8.P-B4, P-Q3; 9. Kt-Kt3, B-K3; 10.P-KKt4, P-Q4; 11. P-B5, B-B1; 12.PxQP, Kt-Kt5; 13.B-B3, PxP; 14.P-QR3, PxP; 15.B-Kt2, Kt-R3; 16.Q-Q3, P-K3; 17. Castles(Q), KtxP; 18. P-R3, P-Kt6; 19. KR-Kt1, Q-Q3; 20.BxKt, PxB; 21.KtxP, K-R1; 22.B-B4, Q-KKt3; 23.Q-Q2, BxRP; 24.RxP, B-Kt5; 25.R-R1, KR-K1; 26.Kt-

K3, Q-K5; 27.Q-R2, B-K3; 28.RxB!, KxR; 29.Q-R6ch, K-Kt1; 30.R-Kt1ch, Q-Kt3; 31.RxQch and wins.

Solution of Problem No. 280 (Mansfield), Key, 1.Kt-K4.

Problem No. 281 by K. Howard & B. Harley.

White mates in two moves. (9 + 10)



Puzzler

By J. A. H. Hunter

"Hi, THERE!" called Charlie, as Ted pulled into the driveway. "You must have speeded, getting here early for a change."

"I certainly didn't dawdle, and the highway was clear," his brother told him "You know my ways."

"Always careful." Charlie chuckled "How far have you come?"

"Trying to catch me, eh? Well, I'm quite prepared for that. If the distance had been as many miles as the number of miles I actually averaged per hour, and if I'd driven at as many miles per hour as I took minutes getting here today, the drive would have taken just fifty minutes less."

Charlie pondered this a moment. "I guess I could figure it out all right," he declared. "That's assuming distance and speed today were in round numbers without fractions."

His assumption was correct. So what distance had his brother driven? (163)

Answer on Page 60.

Let's Face It!

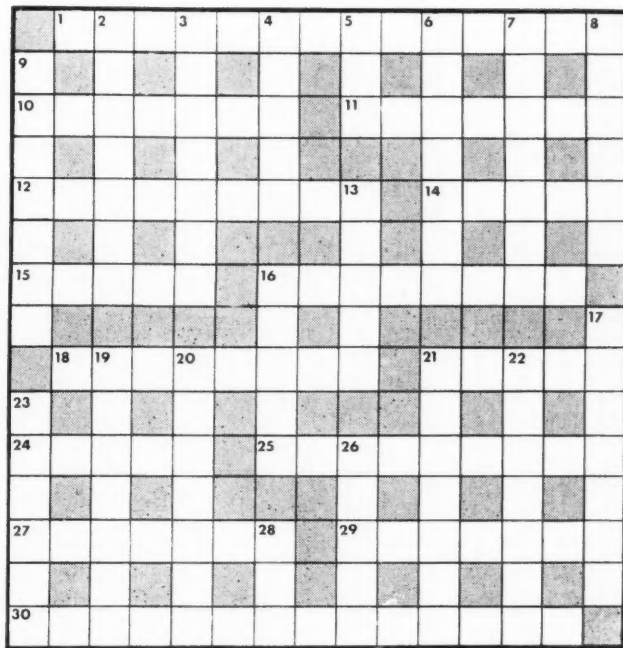
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

- 1 An excellent degree of friendliness. (4, 10)
- 10 Here the only port is in the ship's bar. (4, 3)
- 11 Why you won't find the fat of the land in the R.N.? (7)
- 12 Does the scrub-woman do 'er part on stage? (9)
- 14 Not generally an instrument of torture but it can give one a bad pain that nothing will end. (5)
- 15 A fine line in printing backfires. (5)
- 16 When upset is purely a painful affliction. (8)
- 18 What tempus has, I've got, and I'm getting out of it. (8)
- 21 There's a French nobleman at the money. (5)
- 24 In bygone days, did the news he broadcast bring tears to his eyes? (5)
- 25 Sounds like the girl to show you the way—the wrong way! (9)
- 27 It's clear I'd enter a sporting occasion. (7)
- 29 Not a perfect crime, my boy, but it might leave this stain. (7)
- 30 Twenty-four hours in the life of a centenarian? (3, 8, 3)

DOWN

- 2 Re 14, for a change, to be sung out of doors? (4, 3)
- 3 I'd turn up with the workers, if they're women. (7)
- 4 In praise of latex? (5)
- 5 "The Heart of Midlothian". (3)
- 6 "This is the way the world ends Not with a bang but a whimper." (T. S. Eliot) (7)
- 7 Sheds these at the beginning of a flight? (7)
- 8 Sometimes finishes an unfinished sentence. (6)
- 9 No filibuster ever was. (7)
- 13 Mrs. Ruff. (5)
- 16 If you want to mince words, try a prune with it. (5)
- 17 Gnats swallow it when rising. (7)
- 19 Use this clue for an answer. (7)
- 20 In this state, when realism reaches no conclusion, I must move in and make changes. (7)
- 21 This force calls for push, but not pushing the car. (7)
- 22 Rachel's eager to take it in, in London. (7)
- 23 If you won't take it, you won't! (6)
- 26 In his account of it, he's depicted as one who suffered a miscarriage of justice. (5)
- 28 Toothsome to extremes, especially to babies. (3)



Solution to last puzzle

- | | | |
|--|-------------------------|----------------|
| ACROSS | 29 See 18 | 7 Ina |
| 1 Bach | 30 Explain | 8 Tusks |
| 3 Shute | 31 Rifle | 9 Vacate |
| 6 Fist | 33 Gas | 11 Sousa |
| 10 Cells | 35 Swami | 15 Hits |
| 12 See | 36 See 5 | 17 See 23 |
| 13, 14, 16. See 18 | 37 Essay | 20 Essential |
| 18, 13, 16, 14, 4, 29. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach | 38 See ID | 21 Nose |
| 19, 25. Lend me your ears | | 23, 17. Booted |
| 22 Elbows | DOWN | 24 Weaver |
| 25 See 19 | 1, 38. Back to the wall | 26 Ropes |
| | 2 Calorie | 27 Alabama |
| | 4 See 18 | 28 Thighs |
| | 5, 36. Toe the mark | 29 Strum |
| | | 32 Far |
| | | 34 Sea (530) |

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Television

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Walking the Tightrope

THE CBC is celebrating its 25th anniversary on Nov. 2 and is entitled to congratulations from both friends and critics, if only on the ground of survival.

The conditions of survival, it must be admitted, are all but desperate. A natural political football, the CBC must never be caught playing politics, since it can't get out of line without offending the Government, or adhere to it too closely without offending the Opposition.

It must somehow make ends meet, always on a budget far too large from the point of view of the dispenser, far too small for its increasing needs. It must fend off the raids and encroachments of private television. It must meet the demands of a country that is suddenly and nervously aware of its cultural needs, and avoid offending those whom culture makes apprehensive.

It must be creative, in a medium that consumes creativity a hundred times faster than it can be produced. It must avoid the restrictions imposed by sponsorship and ratings, and then watch its rivals walk away with sponsorship, ratings, and audiences.

It mustn't draw too heavily on American sources, and it must meet the criticism of those who claim they never turn to anything but American channels. It mustn't flounder on important issues, and it must avoid controversy and bad publicity. No wonder it is always getting into the papers.

It was simple enough in the old pre-television days. We grumbled about static and later about the quality of the programs. The complaints were minor however, since we got our entertainment cheap.

The two-dollar license fee was regarded simply as a nuisance tax, and as often as possible we ducked the nuisance. Then, in 1952, television came along, and the Government realizing that the new towering costs could never be met by a small license fee intermittently collected, revoked the fee and took over the budgeting.

As a rule, we taxpayers tend to take the point of view that the government

is made of money. We encourage it to spend more and we don't mind in the least when, for instance, it pours millions of dollars into the Dew Line in a hopeless race between construction and obsolescence. Television, however, is a different matter.

This is government spending going on right under our noses, and we are in a position to assess and challenge the outlay. We feel the proprietor's right to protest, and public criticism of the CBC is constant. It is always most vociferous among television viewers who claim they never look at Canadian television.

As the 1961-62 season approaches, however, the troubles of CBC are less likely to come from audiences, whose grumblings are now accepted as chronic, as from the raidings of private television. Eight of these private stations were launched during the current year, and a network, CTV, is joining them up in an exchange of taped and filmed programs.

The most serious depredation to date has been the capture of the Big Four fall football broadcasts by CTV, a move which CBC could meet only with the I-don't-want-to-play-in-your-yard policy of declining to allow its affiliates to carry the fall football programs.

In other fields the private networks do not seem to be challenging the tra-



Davidson Dunton is host of "Inquiry".



Larry Mann in upcoming "Quest" show.

ditional standards of the CBC. They are providing quiz shows, barn dances, Mitch Miller, cartoons, whodunits, but they are offering nothing that can seriously compete with *Fighting Words*, *Explorations*, *Inquiry*, *Festival* or *Closeup* — though they may have seriously crippled the latter program by appropriating the brilliant journalistic talents of *Closeup*'s originator, Ross McLean.

At this point the Canadian viewer must ask himself whether he would actually prefer the type of program offered by, say, CFTO to the traditional fare provided by CBC. The CBC itself shows no sign of changing its high-minded policies.

It will continue to seek out first-rate Canadian artists wherever it can lay hands on them. It will explore experimental forms in such programs as *Q for Quest*, disregarding the comments of those who would prefer to rename it *Q for Queer*. It will support and even prolong the admirable, though not always widely popular *Festival*. It will transpose *Background* from late Sunday evening to a more favorable week-night position.

It will expand its instructional programs and continue its investigations of history, particularly Canadian history, with plenty of insistence on history, and only as much drama as the material can provide. In every way it will continue to mould the educational pill round the jam, trusting that the public will benefit by it and even come, in the end, to enjoy it.

Viewers who find the CBC over-didactic, over-cultural, over-insistent on the proprieties and, at times, over-political in presenting the government point of view, must still ask themselves where, on all the networks, Canadian or American, they are likely to find a comparable substitutes?

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Books for Business:

Our Peculiar Economy

IN TODAY'S WORLD, Canada cannot afford the Prime Minister's election issue of "socialism" versus "private enterprise". But his clarion call does at least remind us that there have been issues of principle in our history.

Free-trade versus tariffs has been with us from the very beginning. Such issues all come within the ambit of *Canadian Economic Policy* — a field which three economists (Brewis, English and Scott) and one political analyst (Jewett) have chosen for a collaborative volume of essays.

The main theme can be summed up as government policy-formation with particular emphasis on resource allocation and economic stability. All aspects of economic policy — commercial, fiscal, monetary, and what have you — are touched upon at varying length. Summing up a series of essays is like reviewing a yearbook; perhaps the best way to spark the potential purchaser's interest is by concentrating on one question which hit this reviewer in the eye right from the beginning:

Amongst his many heresies, Coyne is reputed to place high the belief that economists rarely approach Canada with an open mind. They are trained in the mass-market economies of the U.S. and U.K. and often aspire to return to high academic rank in those countries. The result is the Canadian fact is judged from the viewpoint of what might be called "universal academic theory."

Economic theory and Canadian fact, welded into one mind, often results in ambivalence and contradiction. *Canadian Economic Policy* is a case in point, as the question of tariffs demonstrates.

Economists generally loathe tariffs. In pure theory we would be better off without them. Unfortunately, the world is not built that way—though Canada frequently puts itself in a position of martyrdom in trying to lead the nations into the path of virtue.

In one essay, H. E. English reminds us that "special dumping tariffs have been introduced to ensure that imports do not become unusually large and disrupt the long-term competitive position of Canadian suppliers." He refers to this as a "dubious principle" and trots out the familiar economists' chant that "the only two arguments for tariffs which have any long-run validity are the defence and infant-industry argu-

ments" — neither of which, he says, now applies to Canada. So much for the universal academic theory.

But wait a minute! Here comes some Canadian fact:— In a later chapter, he points out that our peculiar ribbon-shaped population of less than 20 million has a specific economic feature — oligopoly. The Canadian market "is seldom sufficient to justify more than one plant (per product) per firm" and "it becomes difficult to reconcile oligopolistic reality with 'purely' competitive theory, and therefore to see how the normative results deduced from competitive theory can be made relevant to policy makers in a world of partial competition."

Chucking universal academic theory overboard, the politician prepared to face up to Canadian fact will speedily point out that in our position of oligopoly we cannot afford to let any Canadian industry weaken. Once a Canadian firm folds, it is replaced by an American one—which does not necessarily cross the border and give work to Canadians while profiting from their purchases.

Similarly, the Canadian firm will always be part of an "infant industry" (as compared with U.S. industry) until such time as this country builds up a population of at least 40 million, thereby providing economies of scale. In truth, the "defence" argument for Canadian industry is not the economists' pet — military defence — it is instead the defence of our independent existence as a sovereign state.

And to conclude with one final contradiction between universal academic theory and Canadian fact: the economists say the sound substitute for tariffs is the subsidy, but there are few politicians who would be prepared to replace the former with the latter. Let us face it: the Prime Minister might implement legitimate anti-dumping protection for the periodical industry — but can you see him giving a direct subsidy to SATURDAY NIGHT, cartoons and all? R.S.R.

Canadian Economic Policy, T. N. Brewis and others—Macmillan—\$5.50

Some Simple Ideas

WHEN *Reality in Advertising* was run up the flagpole among the grey flannel suit boys, it didn't quite float, speaking mixed-metaphorically. But it did

draw a few salutes from within and without the industry and, especially, from believers in USP.

At this point, it should be mentioned that USP is a property defined and merchandised by Ted Bates and Co., a New York advertising house, and that *Reality in Advertising* was written by Rosser Reeves who happens to be the board chairman of Ted Bates and Co. The USP? Ah, yes, that means Unique Selling Proposition.

If you infer by now that the book was written to plug Ted Bates and Co., you would be just about right. But it is not just a plug for the agency. Nor, let it be known, is it a bad plug — apart from some highly pretentious presentations of quite simple ideas and some quite amazing literary conceits. (Sample chapter headings: The Pulled and the Unpulled; The Penetrated People; The Pulled-over People; The Three Big Roads to Rome; The Emersonian Mousetrap; No Bed for Procrustes; The Freudian Hoax; The Good and the Awful.)

Where Reeves does score most heavily in this broad-spectrum attack on the advertising industry, however, is in his analysis of what advertising is supposed to do and his statement of criteria for evaluating its effectiveness. In his view, the only function of advertising is to sell goods.

It is not advertising's function to inform, to educate, to be artistic or even to please—only to produce sales. On this basis Reeves can speak glowingly of the recent Aspirin-Anacin-Bufferin television commercial battles — complete with iron heads, flashing lightning, drainpipe stomachs and fast, fast, fast relief.

As you might guess, this leads back to the ubiquitous USP which, in turn, shows the gulf between Reeves and most other advertising people. As Reeves defines it, a USP advertisement contains these three characteristics:

1. It must make a proposition to the consumer. It must, in effect, say "Buy this product and you will get this specific benefit".
2. The proposition must be one that the competition does not or cannot offer. That is, it must be unique.
3. The proposition must be so strong that it can move the mass millions.

As casual reading, *Reality in Advertising* is enlightening in a mass-market way on the problems of modern advertising—if you're not easily put off by the profusion of literary allusions and not too allergic to sugar-coated teasing.

R.M.B.

Reality in Advertising, by Rosser Reeves — McClelland & Stewart — \$4.50.



Thanks to his trust company, this businessman can enjoy his favourite recreation—sailing.

HERE ARE IMPORTANT PERSONALIZED SERVICES OFFERED BY TRUST COMPANIES AND USED BY MEN OF RESPONSIBILITY

This man has the time to enjoy the things he likes best. As a man of responsibility, he relies on a trust company's experience for such personal financial services as: A SAVINGS ACCOUNT to accumulate funds . . . A GUARANTEED INVESTMENT obtainable for a fixed term . . . A RETIREMENT SAVINGS PLAN with payments tax deductible . . . PROPERTY MANAGEMENT—residential or commercial . . . INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT and custody of securities. And he has appointed a trust company as EXECUTOR of his estate and TRUSTEE of funds provided for his family and dependants. For particulars of these friendly personal services enquire at any of the more than 200 offices of

THE TRUST COMPANIES OF CANADA

The nation's most experienced executors and trustees

Burroughs
announces another
new
series of
electronic
data processing systems
with every intention
of making you dissatisfied
with the system
you now have

They are powerful, high-speed electronic computer systems in the low price range.

They are more automatic systems and completely balanced for maximum speed and efficiency. When matched job for job against other systems in their field, these new Burroughs B 200's produce a significant increase in productivity.

You no longer have to cope with complicated and costly programming. Present programming time and expense are reduced to a minimum through a powerful new library of service routines and a high-speed assembler.

And, with these highly flexible Burroughs systems, you can use the same media as you're now using—whether it's punched cards, magnetic tape or Magnetic Ink Character Recognition.

On the opposite page are pictured four typical B 200 systems—one of which is sure to satisfy your needs for faster, more efficient automatic data processing and for the management data that will help you operate your business more profitably.

For full information call our local office or write
Burroughs Business Machines Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

Burroughs—TM

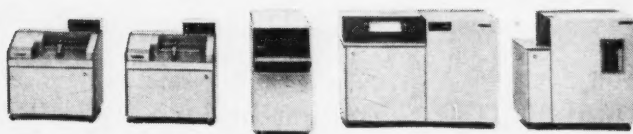


Burroughs Business Machines Ltd.

Opportunities are available as salesmen and sales technical representatives for our new expanded line of Data Processing equipment. Contact our local Branch Manager or write to P. J. Kehoe, Director of Personnel, Burroughs Business Machines Ltd., 443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.

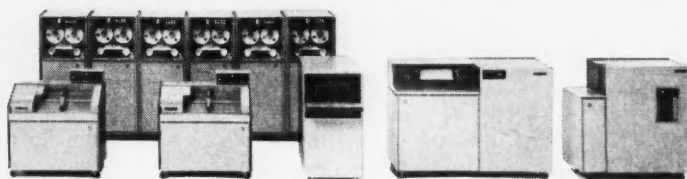
**PUNCHED CARD
ELECTRONIC COMPUTER SYSTEM**

B 260 combines collation, computation, summarization and hard-copy preparation all in one run. Highly automatic operation and scheduling. Completely buffered for maximum throughput.



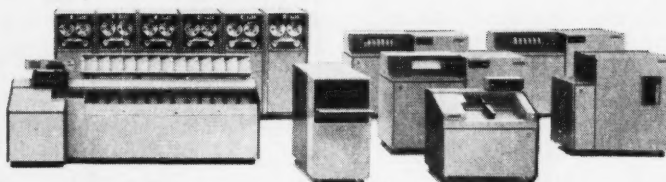
**PUNCHED CARD/MAGNETIC TAPE
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B 280 provides maximum flexibility in on-line and off-line equipment utilization. Functions independently or can operate as a satellite to large-scale computers. Provides complete character sets for Algol and Cobol. Performs card-to-tape, tape-to-tape, card-to-printer, tape-to-printer and card-to-card operations at rated speeds of input/output devices.



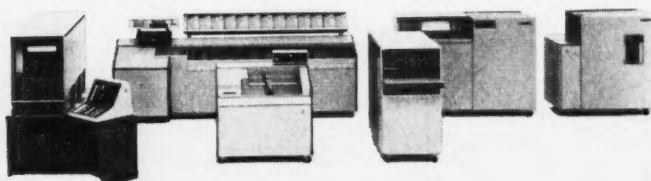
**PUNCHED CARD/MAGNETIC TAPE
ELECTRONIC COMPUTER SYSTEM
with Magnetic Ink Character Recognition**

B 270 general purpose system for the full range of financial applications. Provides highest speed and lowest cost of MICR processing. Offers configurations especially designed for maximum savings in proof and transit operations. Also can operate as a satellite to large-scale computers.



**PUNCHED CARD AND LEDGER RECORD
ELECTRONIC COMPUTER SYSTEM
with Magnetic Ink Character Recognition**

B 250 is unique in handling financial and commercial applications where unit ledger records are desired. Processes directly from input item to output ledger. Offers the advantages of line printer, ledger processor, tape lister, MICR sorter/reader and card punching and reading.



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**A. E. Ames & Co.
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**THE SHAWINIGAN
WATER AND POWER
COMPANY**

The following dividends have been declared:

NO PAR VALUE
CLASS "A" COMMON SHARES
DIVIDEND NO. 19

Thirty three and one third cents (33 1/3c) per share payable November 15, 1961 to shareholders of record, October 19, 1961.

NO PAR VALUE
COMMON SHARES
DIVIDEND NO. 217

Twenty cents (20c) per share for the quarter ending September 30, 1961 payable November 24, 1961, to shareholders of record, October 13, 1961.

R. R. MERIFIELD,
Secretary.

Montreal, September 25, 1961.

Gold & Dross

Hudson Bay

What do you think of Hudson Bay in view of the decline in earnings in the first half year? And what about the ore position, which I gather from a report some months ago in an American news magazine widely circulated in Canada, is rather fuzzy? — B. L., Brantford.

Hudson Bay revenue from metal sales dipped in the first six months to \$23.9 million from \$24.2 million in the like period of 1960, and net declined to \$2.03 a share from \$2.11. But net amply covered the 75 cents quarterly dividend rate, and results for the full 12 months should at least come up to 1960 since the copper price has improved.

The report in the U.S. news magazine is one more instance which belies its claim of total reporting and suggests it is produced with a pair of scissors and rewrite people who are glib but not necessarily accurate. There is no more uncertainty about Hudson Bay's reserves than any other mine. Known reserves are published yearly in the annual report whereas the magazine suggested information on them was being withheld.

The main Hudson Bay mine astride the Manitoba-Saskatchewan boundary at Flin Flon has been weakening at depth for some time. The company has, however, found offsetting deposits of ore close enough to truck it or its concentrates to the Flin Flon treatment plants. We should think a few dollars a share could be allowed for the chance of the company making fresh discoveries.

Hudson Bay remains one of our prime recommendations for speculative investment in a resource industry.

"A" Stocks

Are there any opportunities left in the market in "A" stocks? What is an "A" stock? — W. K., London.

You could look at Acadia Atlantic "A" stock and John Wood Industries "A". Acadia Atlantic, which is changing its name to Atlantic Sugar, has been maintaining sales, and officials expect a ready market for the additional sugar when production is increased.

The expansion plan is well advanced but will not be completed before the end of 1962, although some benefit should show up sooner. It was reported in mid-year that earnings after taxes were substantially higher than at the same time in 1960.

John Wood Industries is a manufacturer of industrial and fuel equipment, with most of its activities centred in the U.S., and is participating in the recovery of the economy south of the border. Net income for the six months ended June 30, 1961, increased to \$452,000 from \$309,000 in the like period of the previous year.

Broadly speaking, "A" stock is a classification of common stock from which voting power has been taken, and is usually considered in the context of a participating preferred stock. Of course, every case has to be decided according to the particular circumstances.

Steel Prospects

How do you see the investment possibilities of the steel stocks? — S. B., Calgary.

Steel stocks have both long-term and short-term attractions although only an overbold commentator would venture to predict that it will not be possible to acquire them below recent levels.

Over the long term the picture is one of an aggressive industry, managed by able people, increasing its productive capacities with the growth of the economy and replacing to a greater extent imports of steel, which account for roughly 25% to 30% of consumption. Over the shorter term, it is difficult to predict even into the fourth quarter of this year because of changes in the industry.

The mills have added substantially to their productive capacity and the speed with which they can fill orders. In consequence the lead time for orders has been cut down to five or six weeks. With customers pursuing largely a hand-to-mouth buying policy, the difficulty of predicting beyond the lead period is obvious.

At this juncture it looks as though 1961 operations for the three largest units: Stelco, Dofasco and Algoma, will

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sense
to save!*

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SAVINGS
BONDS**

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**DOMINION SECURITIES
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"EXPORT"

PLAIN OR FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

at least be on a par with 1960. An uncertainty in the picture is the extent to which exports have loomed in this year's sales. Otherwise the prospect is one of steady prices, largely as a result of import competition, although prospective wage negotiations at the mills could make a price rise necessary.

It is difficult to think of any industry more basic to the economy than steel, yet the prices of equities do not appear to be inflated as much as some other groups.

New Mylamaque

I find your comments very reliable and would appreciate your opinion on New Mylamaque. — C. H., St. Catharines.

New Mylamaque is a highly speculative situation. Market valuation can be expected to reflect its progress (or lack of it) in raising funds for its Newboro, Ont. iron project.

The proposal is to produce pig iron with a concentrator at the property and a smelter at Millhaven on Lake Ontario in the Kingston area. Estimated capital requirement is upwards of \$9 million, and the chances of obtaining financial support of this order have to be appraised in the light of the existing supply-demand situation in the iron-steel world.

The latest financial news from the company concerned an underwriting on 200,000 shares at 50 cents a share to pay off a mortgage on the smelter site at Millhaven. The market for the shares has come down to less than one third of its high for 1960, suggesting the possibility of the company's hopes not being realized over the short term.

Coniagas

Our investment club has been following Coniagas Mines for several months, and we cannot understand why the shares are selling for only 80 cents considering the current earnings and the value of the company's investment portfolio. Can you explain why the stock market overlooks this seeming bargain?—S. E., Kitchener.

A price of 80 cents places a market capitalization on Coniagas' 2.7 million shares of \$2.2 million. Balance sheet at Dec. 31, 1960 shows net current assets of about \$300,000 plus investments with a quoted market value of \$1.4 million.

Investments include large blocks of Maritimes Mining Corp. and Sturgeon River Gold Mines. The market usually discounts holdings of this size heavily on the theory that liquidation would tend to depreciate them.



**First Coins
For Canada...**



Silver 5-sol
and 15-sol
pieces were
struck in 1670
by Louis XIV

of France for his colonies in North America. The 15-sol piece has become one of the rarest of all Canadian coins—and today is worth about \$600.

Canada's First Real Money

Canada's first real money, in the form of bank notes, was issued by the Bank of Montreal—Canada's first bank—when it opened its doors for business on November 3, 1817. With the passing of the Currency Act in 1841, B of M coins became recognized legal tender of Canada.



**BANK OF
MONTREAL**
Canada's First Bank

SD-276

You're years ahead with Tilden



Background from the James collection of early Canadiana

No huffing, no puffing when you travel today! You step from your diesel and just head for the nearest TILDEN sign—because you know you'll get a brand new Chevrolet or Pontiac. There's a TILDEN station close to all the main railway terminals in Canada and at all airports. In fact, TILDEN has more locations (187 from

coast to coast) than any other system in the country—and hundreds of world-wide affiliates, including National Car Rentals in the U.S.A.

TILDEN

the CANADIAN name in world-wide car rentals

SYSTEM HEAD OFFICE: 1194 STANLEY STREET, MONTREAL

CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE

Dividend No. 299

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of forty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending October 31, 1961, payable at the Bank and its branches on November 1, 1961, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 30, 1961.

By Order of the Board
J. P. R. Wadsworth,
General Manager
Toronto, August 31, 1961



Envelopes
designed
to
YOUR
specifications
to
solve
YOUR
problems

INTERNATIONAL ENVELOPE LTD.

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OTTAWA • QUEBEC CITY • BEDFORD N.S.

Coniagas took over from Dome Mines a lead-zinc-silver property at Bachelor Lake with sufficient ore reserves to support a 350-ton mill for about four years. The ore leans heavily to zinc, a metal about whose prospects speculators refuse to enthuse in view of the extent to which supply is out-running demand.

Although current operating profits are favorable, the market considers they are not necessarily a criterion of future net profits in the event of exploration work adding reserves beyond existing estimates. It is also not too impressed with exploration chances considering the small measures of the existing ore picture.

Your question reflects a commendable curiosity plus a realistic approach to investment problems. At the same time it points up that there is nothing inherent in the structure of an investment club which enables it to answer many difficult questions, and indicates the club's success is partially tied to its ability to command outside consulting services.

The club has unfortunately been touted in some circles as an open sesame to investment success for its members.

Waite Amulet

Do you think Waite Amulet is worth holding any longer? I had hoped Noranda's interest in it would have been a supporting factor and that if the mine were closed distribution of assets might have been profitable. But purchase of a lumber-company interest indicates the intention to enter the investment field.—J. S., Ottawa.

Canadian mining companies have traditionally sought to prolong their existence beyond the life of their original mines, and this has been rewarding for the investor and the industry.

The prize example is Mining Corp., some shareholders of which pressed for liquidation upon termination of operations at the original Cobalt mine. Directors held M.C. was a mining company and used the assets to seek other mining interests. This resulted in such winners as Quemont and Normetal.

Waite directors would presumably have preferred to buy into a mining property instead of a lumber company and if mining opportunities continue scarce further industrial acquisitions would not be surprising. But don't overlook the affiliation with Noranda, which is aggressively seeking outside properties, and consolidating its copper-manufacturing activities.

Waite ore reserves officially stand at only a couple of years supply, and hopes of finding additional ore at the

property have been pretty well exhausted. It is, however, not unusual for the operating life of a dying mine to outrun expectations. This possibility is taken into account in the market capitalization of Waite, which also reflects its investments and cash plus plant and equipment. The latter could be expected to have some value upon cessation of mining operations.

Growing Slowly

Should I leave money in an investment fund or re-invest in bonds which give better interest? Two years ago I bought 562 shares of the fund for \$8.89 each, about \$5,000, and since I drew no income but re-invested profits I now have 600 shares worth about \$5,300 or \$8.83 a share. I am more than 70 years of age. — M.I., Vancouver.

Considering your age, we would suggest selling the fund and re-investing in provincial or blue-chip-corporation bonds.

Since you withdrew no dividends and your holding has increased by only 3% a year the fund would seem to be in exceptionally low-yield equities and not to have profited greatly by the stock-market boom, even taking into consideration that the shares were presumably sold to you with a load (sales charge) of 8% or 9%. The bond dealer or bank from which you purchase bonds could look after cashing in your fund shares.

In Brief

How should I invest \$5,000 over the short period — to May 1962 — for maximum appreciation without risk? — R. G., Montreal.

Would suggest short-term government bonds selling at a discount, offering the advantage of appreciation to parity providing a source of income which is not taxable.

Are stock-subscription warrants irrevocable? — L. T., Winnipeg.

Would appear to be, although this does not preclude the possibility of the issuing company offering some other security in exchange for them, which the holder is not compelled to accept.

Any good word for a holder of Sarcee? — W. W., Halifax.

Sarcee is a speculation on an oil-land play, and could be held by the long-shot player.

When will Nickel Mining & Smelting reach production? — N. B., Ottawa.

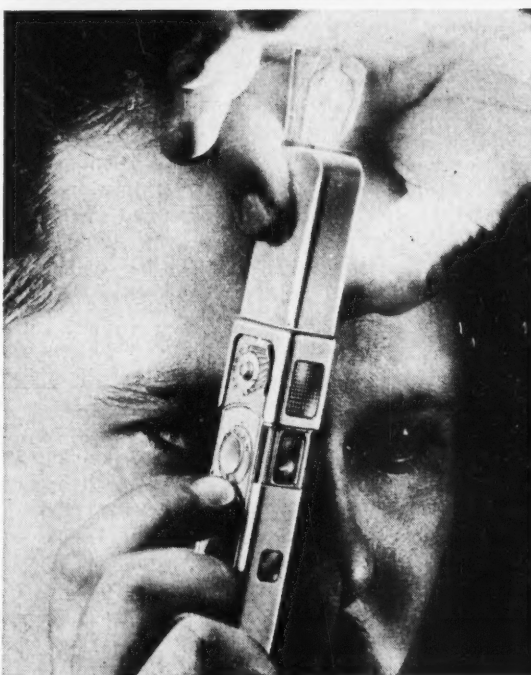
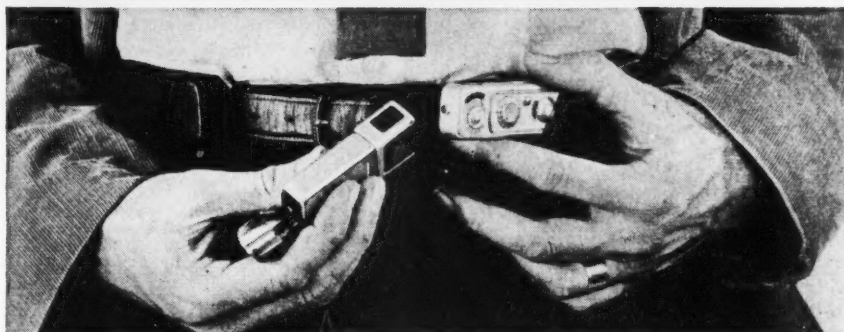
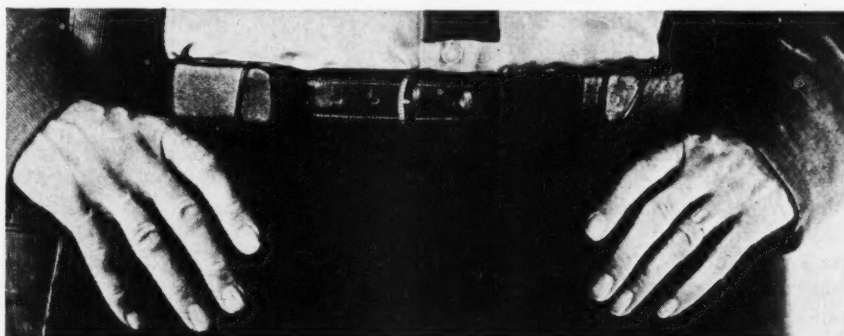
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Point of View

Where the "Points System" Is Unfair

by Harry McDougall

JOHN SMITH, a resident of Ontario, apparently oblivious to the fact that alcohol and driving don't mix is involved in a series of minor accidents, has several skirmishes with the law and eventually is convicted of Impaired Driving. He is fined, and in accordance with the Ontario Points System, he loses 12 points for the offence and is thus compelled to surrender his licence for three months.

Smith is a bachelor who works in a factory. He pays the fine cheerfully, and treats the whole affair in a bravado manner. He boasts about the suspension and gets a fellow employee to drive him to work every morning while he reads the newspaper. Each evening he walks to the pub which is only a few blocks from his home. After three months have elapsed his licence is returned and he is loosed on the road once more.

Bill Jones, also a resident of Ontario, is a careful, skilled driver and he has never been convicted of any traffic offence more serious than speeding — an offence against a regulation that an MP once called "this law that makes criminals of us all". However, Jones's work takes him through various towns and unlike local residents who invariably know the usual disposition of such devices and act accordingly, he runs through a series of speed traps.

He is inclined to dispute some of the tickets he receives but they are for offences allegedly committed far away from his home town, so he pays the small fines and collects the points — it is far cheaper than travelling back to a distant town. He also loses several points through other minor offences. Jones gets a warning letter when he has accumulated six to eight points and when he is later convicted of Improper Driving in a Laned Highway (2 points), he is called down for an interview.

He is contrite and impresses the board with his intentions of mending his ways. A year later, but still within two years from his first conviction he gets a ticket for Improper Opening of a Vehicle Door (2 points). The judge levies a small fine. The certificate of conviction is sent to the Department of

Transport and Jones loses his licence.

Consider the results of these two cases. The penalty to Jones, who doesn't drink and has never been involved in an accident of any kind, whose car has never had so much as a dent, is totally different in its general effect to the same penalty meted out to Smith.

Jones is a salesman who depends on his car for his livelihood and for three months his wife has to act as his chauffeur for every working day. To take care of his children he has to employ a housekeeper with disastrous results on his savings. In short, Jones bears a penalty a thousand times greater than Smith for an offence which most rational people would consider considerably less heinous than Smith's.

The Points System is obviously a good, sound, effective means of making our roads safer. It is in effect in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, and British Columbia as well as Ontario, and in most respects it is both reasonable and just. It seems probable that, in spite of the big jump in the number of suspensions in Ontario (from 1,870 in 1957/8 to 2,797 in 1959/60) the vast majority of the suspensions were well merited.

But what of the 1,783 persons who suffered suspension in Ontario alone, solely because of the accumulation of points? The man who attends an interview, adopts a truculent attitude and has his licence suspended can appeal. But not so Bill Jones who by forgetfully opening the door on the wrong side, applied the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Herein seems to lie a serious flaw in the Points System. There is a complete segregation between a traffic offence being tried in court and the major penalty which the law imposes, i.e., suspension. Moreover, there is no appeal, irrespective of the effect of suspension on the offender.

Because of the unequal effect of a specific sentence upon people in dif-

ferent circumstances, the wisdom of applying mandatory sentences is always open to question. All law is man-made and the interposing of a judge between an offender and the law has always been the normal way of ensuring the reasonable application of a written law. However, in the Points System as presently applied, the final act of suspending an offender's licence is merely one of book-keeping and the right to appeal or to plead mitigating circumstances is denied.

The truth is that to the great mass of people, who do not depend on the use of an automobile to make their living, the attitude to drivers who lose their licence is the smug one of "Serve 'em right!" Perhaps in view of the appalling toll of the highways this is understandable.

Yet, of the 1,783 who suffered the penalty of suspension between April 1959 and March 1961, isn't it just conceivable that only 1,700 were really deserving? Isn't it possible that the remaining 83, perhaps because of the particular circumstances of the final offence, the possession of a clean pre-Points System driving record and a completely accident-free history, might have been able to plead extenuating circumstances, not against being guilty of the final offence but against the severity of the "sentence" of suspension?

We don't know. The mandatory suspension resulting from the accumulation of points is not imposed by a judge. It is imposed by a book-keeper. Yet surely, in the final analysis, the removal of what may be to a particular individual the most vital tool of his trade, should at least be left to the discretion of some qualified person, particularly as this would require only a very simple amendment to the law.

It would merely be necessary to allow the judge who tries a traffic case where the offender's preceding accumulation of points has finally placed his licence in jeopardy to also impose, or withhold, the penalty of suspension, at his own discretion. Thus it would at least give the offender an opportunity to plead his case — even with the dice very heavily loaded against him.

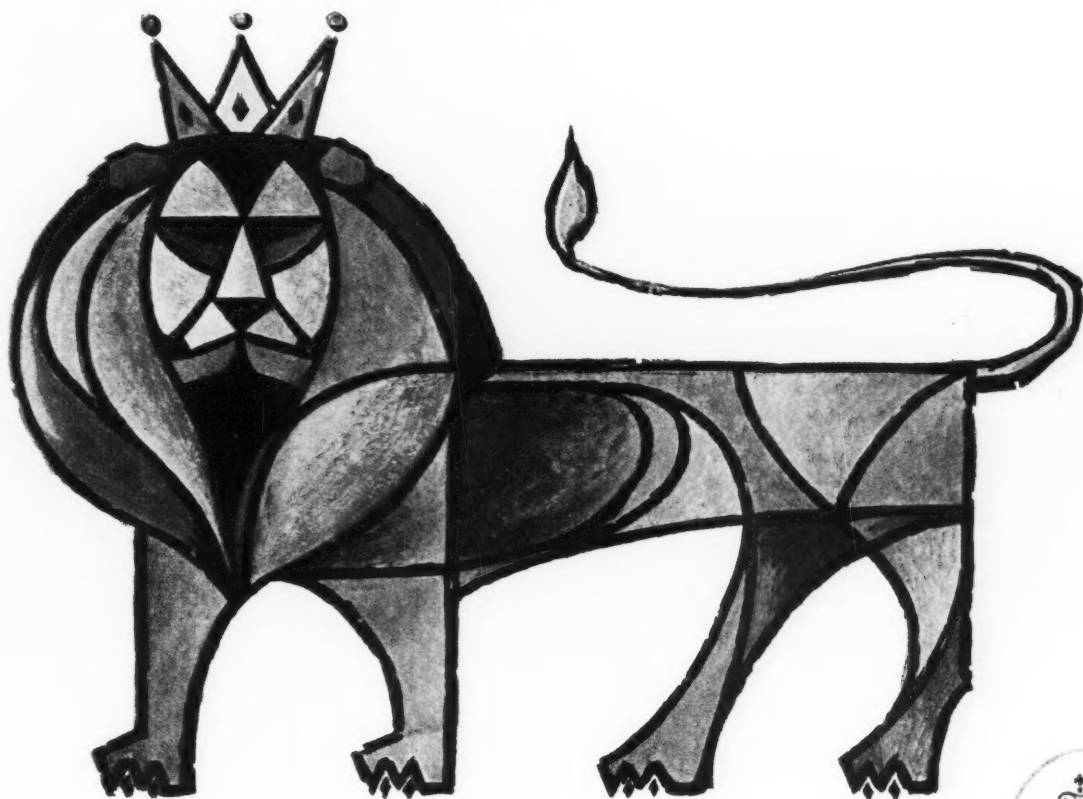
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